WHY NOT MARRY

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

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Let your worries go. Follow heaven itself to nature's nearest nook, and take the children with you

WHY NOT MARRY

COMPILED BY

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Author of
Adventures in Thrift, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY
AGNES LEE

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FOREWORD

To marry is the natural instinct of every normal man and woman. Those who long to follow the instinct are often deterred by those who have done so and lived to regret the step.

The short talks which make up this book aim to encourage all those who are considering marriage, dreaming of it or hoping for it, by proving that success and happiness in marriage are within the reach of all who truly desire to achieve them.

The material first appeared as editorials in *Pictorial Review*. They were written by no one person, but by the editor, the compiler of this volume and, out of the fulness of loving and living, by both men and women readers of the magazine. Most of these contributors had learned the secret of successful marriage through actual experience, sad or happy accordingly as they had been unyielding or adaptable. The book is dedicated to all those who are eligible to love and marriage.

A. S. R.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Glad Though Married	1
II	Why the Girls Say "No"	16
III	Why He Doesn't Marry Her	26
IV	The Cost of Courtship	37
V	When a Man Marries	49
VI	Fair Play for the Young Husband	57
VII	His Mother	69
VIII	Love Versus Loving	79
IX	A Frank Talk to the Newly Married	87
X	Are You Your Husband's Partner?	98
XI	Woman's Work is Never Done—Why?	108
XII	Wage-Earner Versus Home-Maker	119
XIII	Why Men Dislike to Dress Up	129
XIV	Ladies-in-Waiting	140
XV	How to Be a Successful Wife	150
XVI	Pay Cash—And Be Happy	162
XVII	Do You Know Your Own Children?	173
XVIII	Give the Devil His Due	184
XIX	A Little Talk on Love and Friendship	195
XX	Pleasure-Madness Versus Mother-Love	205
XXI	Why Is Housecleaning?	215
XXII	What of the Joy of Living?	223

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CHAPTER I

GLAD THOUGH MARRIED

N. G. they called him, because the two significant letters were actually his initials. But the nickname was undeserved. He was worth much to his firm—old, conservative lawyers who had been looking about for new, young blood. But being cautious and conservative, they refrained from telling him just how much they thought of him and from giving him some of the big cases to handle.

And N. G. chafed under slow advancement because there was a Girl!

She was just the right sort, as N. G. had dreamed of girls. Slim, but not thin, with the most delicate of curves! A soft little mouth that was not too red, eyes that were a lovely bluish-gray, when the long

lashes permitted a glimpse of them, soft brown hair that had never known the stern ministrations of a curling iron, and hands made for caressing. She danced delightfully, but she had not lost her head over it. She could play bridge, but her fingers did not itch at the sight of cards. She was the type of girl one rarely sees on the shopping streets of a great city because she passed swiftly between stores and the family limousine.

And it was the wretched limousine which stood between N. G. and The Girl. At least, that was how N. G. saw it. The limousine, in all its japanning, English corduroy and gold-plated equipment represented the estate of life to which The Girl was accustomed, and which N. G. realized he could not supply for years to come.

The idea of asking The Girl whether she could exist without the luxuries with which her parents surrounded her, never entered N. G.'s head. It was not the sort of thing a self-respecting chap would do. "They might say" that he was marrying her for her father's money. He forgot that her father had married her mother when making considerably less than

N. G. was making; that his own parents had married on less than a thousand a year and reared four creditable boys and girls; or if any one had reminded him of the fact, he would have replied that such things were not done in this generation. It was not fair to the woman. A man has to take bigger chances to-day in business. The high cost of living stood in the way, too.

So on those—to him—rare occasions when they met, N. G. talked his cases and prospects instead of love, and because he did not dare look at her too often, he missed the love-light which sometimes would burn through the long lashes. At the end of the second season, he flung himself madly into business. He must make good! Only before withdrawing from her life for her sake, he forgot to explain it all, so she thought he no longer cared—had never cared. When he heard of her engagement to another man, he patted himself on the back in spite of his misery. He had read her aright. The other man was already rich and successful.

And so he robbed the girl of what would have been to her the supreme joy—helping him succeed. There

are still girls like that. And some day when he does marry, he will have robbed another woman of the same joy. She will be merely the advertisement of his success.

Too bad we don't know the difference between the "high cost of living" and the "cost of high living"!

On Long Island, stamping ground of millionaires, new and old, there is a little daughter of the newly rich who deserves as much sympathy as any daughter of the tenements. She is physically attractive, not clever nor brilliant, yet not uninteresting. She plays a good game of tennis, rides well, drives her own car, dances and does all the pretty things demanded of the up-to-date, well-trained girl. Her frocks are made by a modiste of international reputation, and her French accent is admirable. Her diet and exercise are planned by a great specialist, and she springs from sturdy stock. Yet she is a semi-invalid!

Not long ago, the family physician actually banished her to a sanitarium for nervous diseases. There another great specialist looked her over. When her frightened parents called for his verdict, he said

bluntly: "Nothing the matter with your daughter except that she needs love, marriage, babies—a life that is her own—not a reflection of yours."

The parents were dazed. For four social seasons, they had done the correct thing for their daughter. Their country place and town house had been filled with young people. Their only child had been envied of the less fortunate, written up in society papers and Sunday magazines. And yet this impertinent specialist had declared that she was suffering from lack of love!

They ran over the list of men who had passed through their richly appointed establishments—for the most part callow youths who had neither the inclination nor the means to marry; a few eligible men who paid duty visits at rare intervals; and fewer still, capable young chaps making their own way, to whom the newly rich couple had shown some special courtesy at the request of old friends or new.

Could it be possible that not one of these men had shown the least sentimental interest in their daughter?

Here were two human beings who, following the natural impulse, had married at twenty-five and

twenty-one, and had lived together happily before and after success had overtaken them. But they had never stopped to think that the same impulse had been checked or suppressed in their daughter because her father's wealth frightened off such interesting young men as could not pay the bills of French modistes, automobile makers and diamond merchants. The very luxury to which they had accustomed the girl was her barrier to normal happiness through marriage. She would have to wait until one of the slim-waisted, narrow-faced, oat-sowing young men of their own newly rich set was ready to settle down or had inherited the money he was incapable of earning.

Hard on the girls born for loving and mating, is it not? And on the men who would be better citizens married instead of single!

A corporation clerk with his eye trained on the post of sales-manager fell ill. For a time, at the hospital, he knew nothing. Then he began to realize that all those in authority were solicitous about his improvement because there was great need of his room. In his weakened condition he resented this greatly. He

wanted some one to be glad that he was gaining, and he certainly did not want to leave those nice clean-skinned nurses with their comforting hands. You see his mother was thousands of miles away and bound to her home by her crippled husband. His only sister was married and bound by a busy husband and several babies. So there was no place to go but his old room at the Y. M. C. A.

Now the Y. M. C. A. dormitory is, of all the more or less self-supporting philanthropies, the least like an institution. Still, it has no infirmary with white-gowned nurses and no woman may invade its neat rooms. Moreover when he returned to the room for which he had been paying throughout his hospital sojourn, it seemed stark and cold, and the attitude of everybody connected with the building was that such dormitories were for the well. There were no facilities for serving meals to the convalescent. So he went to an inexpensive summer hotel and ruminated on the detachment and discomforts of bachelorhood. He could close his eyes and see his mother's lovely patience with his crippled father, his sister with her children in her arms.

Decidedly the thing to do was to marry—not merely for physical comfort and wifely attentions, but for some one who belonged to you and would be lonely if you were out of her sight. If The Girl had come along at that moment, he would have gone back to a cottage or flat for two instead of the Y. M. C. A.

But The Girl did not pass his way, and with his return to the office came the reaction to common sense (?). His bank account had run low. An investment toward which he had gazed longingly was given up because the doctor's bill was higher than he had anticipated. He looked at the married men around him, their suits a bit shiny and a year if not more behind the styles; their cravats smelling a bit of gasoline; shoes that had been mended all too obviously, gloves that had lost their original color. That's what marriage for a small salaried man meant—shabbiness. Physical comfort, tender ministrations, comradeship of evenings, perhaps, but shabbiness. And an ambitious man must not be shabby. The concern wanted good dressers, up-to-the-minute men for their big jobs. A man with wife and babies might not be free —nor fit—to entertain out-of-town buyers.

Better to have order, quiet and independence on one's own earnings, she argued, than the confusion of a servantless house

So he went back to his ambitions and his life that was empty of love. And somewhere out in the gray world, walked the girl who was meant to be his mate. Perhaps they may meet when he secures the coveted advancement to which he is sacrificing her, but think of the golden years these two are missing!

A business girl whose salary permits her to maintain a tiny flat and a maid went to visit her married cousin. Her arrival was scheduled for six, the usual supper hour in the small town. She was hungry, but supper was delayed an hour because her host was arriving from the county seat by a later train. Cousin Amy gave her a glass of milk and some crackers, which spoiled her appetite for supper.

This was her first glimpse of Cousin Amy's wifely devotion. Nothing was permitted to interfere with the comfort of Amy's hard-working husband. What he criticized was corrected. Amy was particularly solicitous about his appearance, sending his clothes to the tailor for sponging and pressing, mending his gloves when her own needed attention, making no end of fuss when his best shirt was poorly ironed but

actually rough drying and shaking out small son's rompers!

The guest returned to Chicago in high good humor with herself. She would never again find fault with her own estate. In her tiny flat meals were served to suit her, not some man. The maid looked after her tailoring, laundry and cleansing work. Her hours were as short as any man's, while Cousin Amy's day was calculated to make a union organizer turn apoplectic.

And no one criticized her.

The little features of her visit which she resolutely put out of her mind were the expectant light in Amy's eye as her husband's key turned in the door, the eager look of the man which leaped past guest and babies to the one woman in the world, the tenderness with which he "criticized" his wife's "Sunday best," the intrigue by which he had arranged to have it replaced with something strictly up-to-date when their guest returned to Chicago, the polite attention he gave to his wife's suggestions when they discussed his business affairs, his tribute to Amy's part in his hard fight for recognition!

Better to have order, quiet and independence on one's own earnings, she argued, than the confusion of a servantless house, the constant interruption of baby voices and dependence upon a man for the price of one's new frock or hat. Whereupon she went to the telephone and invited another business girl to see the newest musical comedy offered on the Loop.

The world, and especially the cities are filled with marriageable men and women who remain single, and are lonely.

Why?

Because they are afraid of being poor in twos instead of moderately prosperous alone!

Because they would rather have limousines, and French frocks, and soft, clinging, perfumed things, if they are women, or success and money if they are men, than the true love which sacrifices and finds joy in doing it.

Because the average young couple want to begin their married career at the point, social and financial, where their parents have only just arrived!

Because women have heard so much in recent years

about the selfishness and narrowness of men that they forget that their own sex can be both selfish and narrow!

Because we of this once hardy America are turning "soft." We are wedded to our automobiles, our soft silken raiment, our amusements, our fair-weather friends. We are afraid of the privations which our forefathers endured that they might have liberty and love. We are trying to insure love with ease, and paying the premiums in fine young manhood and womanhood.

But not all of us!

In a shabby dingy corner of this most sordid of cities, New York, lived an artist who sometimes could not paint well because his hand shook from hunger, and sometimes because he was very lonely and needed some one to believe in him. Again, in a blind sort of desperation, he would turn out a canvas which his co-artists and a discerning dealer pronounced "the real thing." He was the sort of man (of whom there are thousands) who needs love and comradeship as well as food. But he had neither name nor bank account and every one warned him against an alliance with

Because they would rather have limousines, and French frocks, and soft, clinging, perfumed things

any member of the art colony. A wife and babies! That *would* be the end of his career.

But one day, he met a young thing who did not know a Corot from a Van Dyck, who thought domestic science was something to teach the poor, whose mother chaperoned her to parties and whose father paid for the frocks, taxis and teas involved. Until she loved the artist she was as impractical as he, which is saying a great deal.

But after one wonderful afternoon in the artist's tumble-down studio when a convenient headache had interfered with maternal chaperonage, she was no longer a pensive, dependent thing, but a thinking, pulsating, resourceful woman. She learned how to differentiate between old masters and new; she learned how to cook under the delighted guidance of a faithful family servant; she did her own mending and she declined to ride in taxis.

Within a year after their marriage, the husband had a bank account, because she took his money from him and deposited it. His hand no longer shook, because, you see, he was well-fed, and he had acquired an unfailingly sympathetic comrade in a mere wife. She

was too busy imbuing his bare dingy studio with that air of mingled comfort, prosperity and artistic eccentricity which seems to stamp its owner as successful, to miss the luxuries of her father's home. And she never misses the French frocks and taxis because, well, the other day when a dealer was writing the biggest check this painter chap had ever received, he said boyishly: "Make it out to my wife, will you? Her name's Alice—I wouldn't have earned it, you know, but for her."

Whereupon, while the pen of the dealer went scratch, scratch, he sat quite still, staring dreamily, happily, tenderly, at a broken-down typewriter table!

Oh, it sometimes pays to marry—in cash and in joy!

So why not marry?

There's no give-and-take in all Christendom like that which exists between a well-mated man and woman.

There's no joy under God's sun and stars like being all-necessary to another human being.

There's no diplomacy to be mastered in business or profession that can compare with the matrimonial diplomacy which is expressed by adaptability, one

nature fitting into the other; yielding when it is wise, standing firm when it is essential.

There's no triumph in financial, professional or artistic success alone and unaided, that can compare in the supreme thrill of laying that triumph at the feet of one who has believed in you from the first, and loved you for the good fight you have made.

So why not marry while the capacity for living is at its best?

Why not prove that you have as much faith and strength of character, yes, as good sporting blood in you, as the pioneer men and women of the golden generations behind you?

Why not marry and be glad? Thousands are glad though married!

CHAPTER II

WHY THE GIRLS SAY "NO"

THE Wise Young Person had been reading a symposium, "Why I Have Not Married," on the heart-throb page of the evening paper. It presented the opinions of nine bachelors.

"How the girls who said 'no' to the nine of them would enjoy *this!*"

The scorn of her was magnificent—even though her nose turns up and her chin is round and dimpled.

"Then you think that the article is flavored with sour grapes?"

"Oh, no, I don't *think*. I *know* it," she answered sweetly, as she reached for her blazer.

"Perhaps you also know why the girls said 'no,'" I suggested.

"Offhand, I should say because they found the men out in time!"

Whereupon the Wise Young Person disappeared in

the direction of the tennis court. Waiting for her was a man who to my certain knowledge had refused three times to accept her "no" as final!

"Because they found the men out in time." That was a new phase of the getting married question. Possibly we men-folks don't know all about it after all.

Now something deeper than man's mere fear of the new woman, as she is generally called, lies behind this distrust of matrimony. And to get at the root of any problem or condition, you must study it from many angles. The modern girl is only half of the modern matrimonial problem. The other half is the modern man. Perhaps she has a new view-point of him. Prehaps *his* distrust of her and marriage with her arises from the knowledge that she has grown to understand him rather better than he likes to be understood!

I turned the question over and over in my mind because—well, I hated to think of nine nice girls being disappointed, as they must have been, if they found the nine personable young men out in time! But it ended in my waiting for the Wise Young Person to return in the soft summer twilight and answer the question for me.

"You say they found the men out. What sins have they committed?"

"Probably just one—selfishness."

She leaned a trifle wearily against the veranda railing.

"Mrs. Arnold has a wonderful violinist down for the week-end. I'm wild to hear him play. I guess I'll telephone George Barr to take me over. Bobby doesn't like music, you know."

I watched her climb the stairs. I listened until the last light footfall died away. Then I looked back into the gathering dusk and understood. She had played tennis nearly two hours to please Bobby, and now she was telephoning *another man* to take her to the musicale because Bobby is bored by the music she craves!

"Probably just one—selfishness."

This is the age of frankness in the matter of relations between the two sexes. Ask any thinking man or woman a question bearing on breadwinning, marriage and motherhood, and you will get a sincere an-

swer, even if it means lifting the veil from personal experience.

I set out deliberately to find out why certain admirable women of my acquaintance had said "no."

Miss Marcia first.

She is tall and well built. She has brown eyes, a broad white forehead and thick brown hair. She may be in the middle thirties or well past the forty mark. It really does not matter. Miss Marcia is and will be for years to come the type of woman the average man likes to picture at the opposite side of his table. Instead she is at the head of fifty girl stenographers in a great insurance office, a woman of rare executive ability.

"Oh, I haven't given up all hope of marrying," she said with a whimsical smile. "I'm merely waiting till I meet a man willing to contribute as much as I will to the—er—partnership."

"Then you mean to hold your position after marriage and help support the home?"

"Not at all," was her quick retort. "*He* will support the home, and I will make it. The joint contributions will be affection, sympathy, consideration and

self-denial. If I bring to bear on home-making the same intelligence and earnestness I put into my work at this office, I will feel no sense of dependence upon my husband, and moreover I do not propose to do all the sacrificing in small things.

"I have studied men with their coats off—which no woman of leisure can do until she marries one of them —and I have discovered that ninety per cent. of them think that their duty is done when they support the home and the woman."

"Then do you think that men are selfish?"

"In small things, yes. The man who will wear himself to a bone, earning extra money for his wife to spend on a new dining-room suite, will spoil all her pleasure in the lovely room by insisting on eating in his shirt-sleeves, though he would call her down sharply enough for coming to the table in a seventy-nine-cent kimono."

And yet Miss Marcia works among a fine class of high-salaried men who love their wives and work for them fifty weeks in the year. Does she ask too much?

Gertie says she does not!

Gertie sells fans or silk stockings in a big depart-

ment store and has her troubles with bargain seekers. She is twenty-three and above the average in looks.

"Sure, I'd like to get married," she replied seriously to my question. "But you can't fool little Gertie with that talk about doubling on a single salary—how two people can live together on about half what they spend living separate. I'm making twelve a week, living at home and getting a discount on all I buy at the store. Like as not I'd marry a chap making eighteen or twenty. Do you picture me wearing Monday-sale silk lisles on his salary? No. I'd change my style of living considerable, but I wouldn't mind —if—if—"

She shifted her glance and laughed shortly.

"Well, I've worked alongside of men since I was fifteen. I've had 'em beat me to the straps going home on the L, shove their nickels ahead of mine at the window, hold their papers between me and the light and grab the last slice of whole wheat bread off the near-mahogany lunch table. Folks say this is because we girls compete with men in business; that they're different with the women they love and marry. Perhaps!

"I get lonely sometimes; but when a man hasn't got you, he lets you pick out the show when he asks you to go to the theater, and he doesn't read the paper riding down to the beach, nor say, 'Uh-huh,' when you ask him to look at the fierce hat on that woman in electric blue, two seats ahead."

"Your idea is that you prefer a man who occasionally puts your comfort and wishes first, his own second?" I asked.

"Sure!" replied Gertie with a radiant smile. "Ain't that what I'll be doing? Only I want him to beat me to it once in a while."

Without doubt you'll say it is the influence of business life on women.

Then consider Mrs. M—, a widow in her early forties, with a comfortable income. Her friends were pleased when her engagement to a bachelor nearing fifty was announced. But the engagement was broken. She explained why with a smile that had a tear behind it.

"I fear we were both too old, too set in our ways."

It seemed incredible. She had been known as a self-sacrificing, devoted wife and mother.

"I am so fond of orris root and violet combined. He asked me not to use perfumes—they remind him of harems and the streets of Cairo at the World's Fair. I packed away all my pretty sachets. He is an inveterate smoker. I like the odor of a good cigar, but not with my meals. From the moment the salad is served, he mixes cigarettes with food and drink. He said I would soon get used to it. But it had taken me years to become accustomed to just such peculiarities in my first husband. At my age I did not feel equal to going through the process again. Silly, isn't it? But then you see the lives of home-staying women are made up of small things which create happiness or misery."

Oh, Wise Young Person!

"Probably just one—selfishness!"

I know a man whose wife had divorced him on the technical ground of cruelty, after fifteen years of apparently smooth married life, who wrote thus to his son on the eve of the latter's wedding:

"The heaviest punishment I have had to bear is the fact that, as your mother's ex-husband, I can not be

present at your wedding. Let this be a lesson to you. Yield to your wife in her small feminine wishes that seem so unimportant to you, and the big, important problems of married life will adjust themselves. I would be at your wedding if I had not made light of a slight accident to your mother during the second year of our marriage. She tripped over the cat and burned her hand on the stovepipe. I told her it was all part of the housework and she'd soon forget it. I should have kissed the red mark. I can recall the expression in her eyes as she drew herself up. She developed into a woman of great self-control and endurance, but she learned not to lean upon me. It's dangerous to let a woman discover that she can get along without your love. She'll soon find a way to *earn everything else she needs.*"

Human documents these, which demand little comment. They point their own moral, sound their own warning. They are bound to make many men think—and squirm—because they ring true. And a lot more men, reading them, will exclaim in amazement, "I didn't know how much little things meant to a woman!"

Strange—when little things mean so much to us men. For after all it is the correct height of the stool, the right blend of tobacco or the comforting shape of the new penholder which makes a man's day easier.

We don't mean to be selfish. We'd go through fire and water for the women we love, but we *will* turn the tidy bathroom into a dark room for our kodak work, when a couple of dollars would fit up a corner in the attic or basement.

We have a trick, too, of dodging the small courtesies on the score that we have to be insincere with other women, but we can be "natural and honest" with our own wives! That sounds well; but it seems that women now look askance at the husband served *au naturel.* They want him seasoned with small sacrifices and garnished with small courtesies. And failing to discover these they pronounce him what he has often become—selfish!

CHAPTER III

WHY HE DOESN'T MARRY HER

TWO clean-cut young men were riding home on a crowded suburban train. They might have been lawyers, architects, or chief clerks in corporation offices. They were well groomed and well dressed, and bore themselves with the confidence which springs from efficiency. What was most important to an elderly man, seated close to them on the narrow side seat and apparently absorbed in his paper, was their animated conversation about a certain young and attractive girl named Nan.

The man in the rain-coat had been doing most of the talking. This girl had been visiting his sister and was going home very soon. She would leave a void in his life which he had never before felt. The very thought of it hurt!

Both young men had been quiet several minutes,

when suddenly the one who had done most of the listening said:

"Well, if you feel that way about it, why don't you marry her?"

The elderly man behind the paper fairly held his breath. He did not want to miss the answer. It came quickly.

"Say, what do you think I am—an idiot or just a selfish pup? What have I to offer her? A salary of forty per. A fair chance of promotion if our concern isn't swallowed by the trust. A slice of Aunt Henrietta's fortune—some day—if the erratic old girl doesn't leave it to a hospital for cats!"

"Now see here, Bill," urged his friend, "you're bound to get ahead. Don't let her go back home where a lot of fellows will have the inside track, without, well—without letting her know that you care."

He of the rain-coat spoke grimly.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew her mother!"

"What's *she* got to do with it?"

"Everything! She's seen me among my people only, and you know how we live. She and Nan have been waited on by the servants my father pays. They've

gone to dances and things with me, in the car my father keeps up. She has never thought of my real position in the family. The board I pay doesn't represent half my share of the family expenses. The old man's chauffeur gets almost as much a week as I do. I can't keep up any such establishment as he can. I can't begin where father and mother are leaving off!"

"Who expects you to?"

"She would. She probably thinks we have a family fortune, when in reality there's just the old man's business and my salary. If I were to tell Nan just —just how I feel, and she were to say 'yes,' it would mean one of two things: marrying me against the wishes of her mother, and suffering all the privations her mother prophesies, or waiting years for me to get to the point where I could support her as her parents do now. A swell chance we city fellows on forty a week have with the mothers of the girls we'd like to marry!"

"Hum!" grumbled his friend. "I'll guarantee most of them started married life on less than forty a week. Your parents and mine did."

What have I to offer her? A fair chance of promotion if our concern isn't swallowed by the trust. A slice of Aunt Henrietta's fortune—some day —if the erratic old girl doesn't leave it to a hospital for cats

"Sure! But to-day mothers say that times have changed and a girl mustn't take the chance. What is more they preach it until the girls believe that marrying a struggling man is only a short cut to the poorhouse and unhappiness."

The train pulled into the station. The man in the side seat flung down his paper and peered through the window.

A great red touring car stood at the end of the platform. A charming girl, leaning forward, scanned the throng of passengers eagerly. When the young man in the rain-coat swung into view, she tried to look unconcerned—but failed.

The man peering through the car window felt strangely irritated. What right had the young idiot to let this girl go home without telling her what was in his heart—the old, old story which every woman yearns to hear?

"If you feel that way, why don't you marry her?"

Why, indeed?

Not because he was too cowardly to assume family responsibilities. Not because he was too lazy to work for the woman he loved. Not because he preferred to

continue his life of luxury, a semidependent in his father's well-kept home! No—simply because he was afraid that his love would not be strong enough to counteract the influence, the doctrines, the example of the luxury-loving mother who had overemphasized the importance of material comforts in the upbringing of her daughter.

Nan might be willing, even eager, to take the chance of happiness on a small income; but her mother would bring to bear the potent argument that the girl was unfitted to make a poor man happy.

"Look how you have been reared! Why, you've only had to ask for things and they were provided. You have never done any sort of work. You'd make a man in *his* circumstances miserable. Even if you didn't fret for things, he'd know you needed and wanted them, and you'd simply interfere with his progress in his profession." And so forth!

The power of suggestion would do its work. Nan would say, "Let's wait," and the man might think she was really afraid of the few privations, rather than thinking of herself as standing in his way.

And Mother would triumphantly announce to her

most intimate friends that she nipped that little affair in the bud.

"I don't want my daughter to endure what I did during the first years of my marriage. When I think how we had to skimp and save; how John wore frayed trousers and I turned every dress in my wedding outfit once, if not twice, I feel the importance of Nan's marrying a man who is established, prosperous, able to support her in the way she is accustomed to live."

It sounds like a safe and sane theory; but think how many lovely and lovable Nans there are—and how few young men able to support them in the estate pictured by mothers like this! Young men take marriage more seriously than they once did. They see more of the uncertainties connected with modern professional and business life. They are better informed on the cost of living and maintaining a family. They are none too sure that love will leaven the years of waiting. Is it any wonder that when they meet a mother like Nan's, they hesitate, or say, "I guess I'd better wait until I am better fixed"?

But if he waits until both he and Nan are aweary, or if he does not tell her how much he cares and so

she marries some one else, who is as well established as her own father, think what Nan misses. Her mother would probably say she "escapes" it.

Yes, she "escapes" all the joys of growing up in the success, the intimate conferences on ways and means, the joint planning on how to make a dollar do the work of two. But in later years she can not whisper in *his* ear, as they look upon a recently-purchased Persian rug, "Dear, do you remember when we saved the dimes in my bank to buy that blue and brown art square?"

A private secretary will be the custodian of his business worries, and Nan will never be bothered with his affairs. Neither will she ever hear him say, "In those days, I talked everything over with my wife. Her intuition was amazing."

Servants and motors do *save* a young wife's strength, but sometimes honest effort *develops* it. No doubt Nan's mother is a fine, competent, dependable woman. Would she have been all this if she had not helped to make Nan's father what he is, if she had not helped to make a new home?

Do you think Nan's mother is altogether fair to

her daughter? Don't you think that Nan ought to have her chance at pioneering in marriage? Thousands of women have found happiness in it. The very mothers who preach against it were never happier than when helping the men they loved on their upward climb.

It is the mothers, not the girls, who have changed.

The germ of marital unrest in mothers is getting into every walk of life. The heiress to millions is told not to look with favor on American men who think only of money. She must marry a title and move in court circles. The pretty young stenographer is warned against marrying one of her fellow workers. The girl may not even listen; but, strange to say, the young man against whom she is warned does listen —and hesitates.

The modern mother is deplorably frank on this topic. The modern young man is extremely keen and sensitive. The mother of three likable girls was calling on a neighbor one evening not long ago. The conversation turned to the engagement of a popular daughter of well-to-do parents to a struggling young architect.

"Of course," said the caller, "one or the other will be sacrificed. Either she will efface herself and become a household drudge, or he will worry himself to death and ruin his career trying to keep up appearances. They should wait until he is established in his profession."

Then this perfectly contented wife, who had tasted all the joys of helping her husband to succeed, added:

"I told my girls that I hoped this would be a warning to them. No girl has the right to interfere with a man's career by marrying him before he has scored some sort of success."

After her departure, the fifteen-year-old boy of the family, who, apparently, had been buried in his books, suddenly raised his head and spoke thus:

"Of course, Dad, I'd like to keep the family name going. I guess every chap feels that way. But if all mothers talk to their girls like Mrs. S— does, I'm afraid I'll never marry."

You are laughing, no doubt. But remember that out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom—and warning. The lad has what is inborn in most male creatures, reverence for womanhood, wifehood, mother-

hood; a strong homing instinct; a realization of the meaning of real parenthood. He will make a splendid head of a house some day, if the thoughtless mother of the girl he loves does not preach too earnestly the gospel of personal luxury.

I believe in the modern girl. She is far more capable of solving problems and making sacrifices than her mother believes her to be. It is not fair that the already hesitant young man should take her at the parental valuation. He should decide whether she or her mother is afraid of marriage on a small income and he should give her the benefit of the doubt.

And when you get right down to basic principles, if the young man is otherwise worthy, the mother has no right to make an issue of his financial prospects. That is a problem for the two young people to work out, and most of them will be found strong enough to do it.

If the girl in the big red touring car has heard the story she was waiting to hear from the young man who was earning only forty a week, her whole world has been changed and glorified. But if he refused to

speak, and she went back to the maternal doctrine of riding in a motor-car, even if it takes Father's last dollar to run it, there will be one less genuine home established in America; one less womanly woman to taste the joys of helping a man "make good." And helping a man make good is the best thing a modern American girl does. Moreover she does it just as well as her mother and her grandmother did before her, which is saying a great deal.

CHAPTER IV

THE COST OF COURTSHIP

PLACE, a typical New England city.

Time, a sparkling Sunday afternoon in winter.

Actors in the little drama, the sort of young people you are fairly sure of seeing any pleasant Sunday, bound for the park or boulevard.

Peculiarity of the scene—groups of girls walking together, groups of young men ditto. Only in rare instances, young men and women walking together.

I asked my host's son, who was showing me the sights of the city, whether there was a local feud between the sexes. He shook his head.

"Don't the girls and boys in this town ever mix?" I inquired, determined to know what was the matter.

"Oh, yes, sometimes," was his evasive reply.

"Evidently not on Sunday afternoons," I suggested.

"Well, it's this way. It's got to the point that if you take a girl out walking on Sunday, she expects

you to buy her a bunch of violets, or wind up the walk with a little supper at the hotel, that sets you back a couple of dollars. A chap that's clerking in a store or working in the railroad headquarters can't do it—and pay his board. Only the sons of rich men can rush the girls nowadays—and they all have motor-cars. A trolley ride doesn't appeal to our girls any more."

It was all said without bitterness and he turned the conversation into the more prosaic channel of the proposed monument to heroes of the Civil War. But I felt no interest in estimates and plans and benefits for the fund. I was thinking of all those young people, the boys and the girls separated by the hard sordid fact that the cost of courting had gone up along with other living expenses. And when you get right down to facts, courting is a mighty important factor in living.

Strange, is it not, how a man will pass over the significant conditions with which he rubs elbows every day, and then, seeing precisely the same conditions in a new environment, how he will wake up with a start? This was just what happened to me in that New England city. Watching the amazing social gulf between

boys and girls, I found my mind calling up similar scenes in New York and its suburbs. Vaguely I had always thought it a pity that the great city was filled with self-supporting, hall-room girls and boys who did not know one another. It had never dawned upon me that they might have known one another—if the dollar mark had not stood in the way.

With my young companion's words ringing in my ears, I saw it all in an entirely different light. The tariff, the trusts or the economic independence for women, or the equal suffrage movement or some other burning question had evidently come between the girls and boys of to-day, and I felt sorry for them. I had a distinct sensation that they were being robbed of a privilege, nay, a right, which their parents had enjoyed to the full.

The cost of courting going up along with the price of eggs and carrots and porterhouse steak! Why, the idea seemed absurd. I wanted to investigate then and there, so I suggested that we top off our walk with supper at the —— hotel.

It proved to be a gorgeous hostelry and, to the outsider, it seemed all out of proportion to the needs of

the town, especially in the extravagance of its appointments, its sun-parlors, its tea-rooms, its private dining-rooms; but I soon discovered that it was supported mainly by motor parties.

I studied the groups at the tables around us. On the right, two rather tired-looking girls who had passed through several social seasons. Their hosts were two extremely callow youths. All four had left their motor raiment in the checking room. The boys were sons of local manufacturing magnates and drove their own cars. On the left of them was a pretty but insipid-looking girl dressed in velvet and furs, guest of a heavily jowled man, sporting a dinner coat. My guide explained that she was the daughter of a high-school principal. The man had been sent up by a New York firm to manage a store which they had been obliged to take over for debt.

Ahead of us sat an extremely bright and animated girl in a severely tailored suit of white serge, with a well-groomed, clean-cut chap. My informant announced that she was considered the "smartest stenographer" in town. Her escort was a "junior" from a famous college town near by. "What chance have we

boys against a chap like that?" was his closing comment.

Behind us lounged on her elbows a conspicuously-dressed girl, whose furs were set off by a bunch of artificial violets. With her was a sharp-featured youth in cheap ready-made clothing, who was figuring the menu prices closely.

And this rose-tinted roof, with its hidden orchestra, its obsequious waiters and its Waldorf-Astoria prices was what stood between the middle-class young men and women of the city.

Artificial? Yes, and superficial and unreal! But greatly to be desired! The two girls, long past twenty, were bored to death by their callow escorts, but they endured the hour or so of empty conversation for the sake of motoring and being seen in the smartest restaurant in town. The school-teacher's daughter clearly thought that a dinner coat plus a New York disregard for check-totals represented an opportunity to rouse envy in the hearts of other girls. The "smartest stenographer" in town knew quite well that her charms, which she refused to waste upon local men, would probably weigh little in the matrimonial game

against family position, family wealth and family opposition. And the little shop-girl, in her shoddy furs and artificial violets, was mortified to death because her escort had to figure on the least expensive dinner the menu afforded.

My word, but it made an old-fashioned man long for an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic or hay-ride or church social!

That was only the beginning of my investigations in the cost of courting. My next interview was with a young and promising architect from a western city.

"Has the cost of courting gone up out our way?" he echoed with a laugh. "Well, I should say yes! This girl question has become a problem. If you are trying to establish yourself in your profession, you can't spare the price to court a nice girl, the sort you'd like to marry, the sort that will help you in your social life. And if you don't court a girl, the first thing you know you are a tame cat, dancing attendance on married women whose husbands are too busy with their work to go about with them."

"What would it cost you to court the sort of girl

you'd want to marry?" I drove the question home mercilessly, but he endured it philosophically.

"I've never really figured, but the girls with whom I went to school, daughters of my mother's friends, for instance, are practically beyond me. Unless a man has a motor or the girl's parents put up a family limousine, you have to provide a carriage or taxi every time you take the girl to the theater or a dance. We used to take the trolleys, but now! You can't send a girl a few flowers; it must be a two-fifty bunch of violets, or orchids, which come even higher. My mother says it used to be bad form for a girl to go to a restaurant after the play. Now nothing else will do. If I courted a girl of this type, I'd spend every dollar I earn on her—and come up against our wedding-day broke. Our domestic life would go on and on, always just escaping debt if not tumbling into it."

"But suppose you married a girl who is not of the leisure class, a nice girl who is self-supporting?"

"Oh, don't make any mistake about the modern business girl. She spends a lot of her salary on smart clothes and she expects a man to entertain her up to

the clothes she buys. You take a business girl into the balcony of a theater, and forget to send her violets to wear and neglect to put up a supper at the best café in town afterward, and see what happens! She knows every trick in the game, does the smart business girl."

"Well, what are you going to do?" I asked.

"Make a fool of myself some day, I suppose. When The Girl comes along, I'll forget the cost of courting like all the rest of the boys and dig down for my last dollar. It's the only way; a girl to-day hates to have people think her fiancé is cheap."

"A cheap fiancé."

Here was a new phrase to me. You see, he does not say "stingy." He calls it cheap! Where did he get the phrase? From cupid-bow lips, more's the pity.

Listen to the girls chatting in public places.

"Say, did you hear about Min's new fellow? He gets eighteen a week and he's a grand spender!"

Think of being a grand spender on eighteen a week! I wonder when Min expects to acquire a husband and a home, if the salary goes for cheap city pleasures

which serve to rouse envy in the bosoms of less "fortunate" girls?

Climb a round or two on the social ladder. Two school-teachers are discussing the engagement of a mutual friend in their profession.

"Well, she can't be marrying much. He gave her a plain signet ring."

"She must feel awfully cheap showing it."

"She doesn't show it. I asked her point-blank. I have my opinion of a man who can't raise a solitaire."

Another eighteen-a-week young man, who was in the employ of his father in New York and striving earnestly to learn the business, moved socially in the same set with his sister, a year or so older. At the end of his first real social season he came to his father with this amazing request: "Dad, I wish you'd send me up to the —— plant."

"What's the matter?" asked his father. "Don't you like your boss?"

"Oh, you're the best ever," was the boy's reply, "but I can't stand Betsy's crowd. I am not paying

any board at home and I'm spending every dollar you pay me. If I don't do the right thing by Betsy's girl friends I'm not a credit to her, and if I do I'll go broke, and in the end be a big disgrace to you. I can see my finish here. I want to go where there aren't any girls."

He is working to-day in an inland city, forgetting his loneliness and natural inclination for social pleasures and companionship with the opposite sex, in his determination to "make good." He would like to call on some local girls, he would tell you, but they have the city ideas of a "desirable" man—the expenditure of money at local theaters, local cafés, local flower shops. They think it is very strange indeed that this son of the owner of the factory does not have a "car."

There are hundreds of girls who are perfectly content with the sort of courting the average man can afford. But there are also hundreds of girls whose pride stands between them and inexpensive attentions. They are afraid of what the other girls would say. They are afraid of that little phrase, "a poor spender." Yet for the sake of attending fashionable theaters,

eating in tawdry restaurants, wearing expensive flowers, displaying ribbon-decked boxes of marrons glacé, riding in taxicabs with men above her financial class or beneath her intellectually, many a girl will forego the joys of courting.

I was talking about this with a man who to-day has a town and a country house, a motor-car and a yacht. He courted his wife on fifteen dollars a week.

"Thank God," he remarked, "that I have known the joy of seeing her eyes shine over a twenty-five-cent box of chocolates. The night I planned to propose to her, I went armed with a box of New York-made chocolates that cost me eighty cents and I felt positively reckless. To-day a couple of red roses taken home on my anniversary give her far more pleasure than a new limousine or a sealskin coat for which I merely pay the bill. Courting, my friend, is not a matter of cost but of the girl."

Is it?

Then, girls, it's up to you! Are you going to take your next Sunday's promenade in petticoated rows, or with nice young men?

Are you brave enough to admit that you've let a man take you trolleying or treat you to soda? Or would you rather flock together than accept attentions from a man who honestly tries to court within his means?

CHAPTER V

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

BOTH men and women approaching the marriageable age are beginning to think more seriously, to visualize their future, not only as lovers but as life-comrades. They are not marrying simply because marriage is a custom which has stood the test of time. They are not marrying because their ancestors married before them. They are not accepting the married estate as a matter of course. They are actually asking, "Will it mean happiness for us both?"

Unquestionably, Americans are marrying later in life. An astonishingly large number of those in what might be termed the fairly well-to-do classes are not marrying at all. Those who marry later are cautious. Those who do not marry at all are either selfish or conscientious. In all cases they are thinking deeply on the subject. And nine out of every ten cautious

Americans, men and women, ask, without sordidness and in entire fairness:

"What will we get out of marriage, and who gives up more, the man or the woman?"

A man used to marry a girl for the dimple in her chin, and live to dread the frown which grew deeper than the dimple. To-day the average man demands a glance of both dimple and frown, and makes sure that the two balance pretty evenly. He is too wise to expect the dimple to make for matrimonial contentment. Time was that girls fell for an Apollo-like figure or a neatly turned sonnet. To-day they study a wooer as one who may or may not make a good father for their unborn children. They demand also a life-comrade who will wear well.

"Who gives up more in marriage, the man or the woman, and what are the returns?"

Marriage may be represented by a crucible, into which husband and wife turn many ingredients which will blend and come out the purest gold of domestic contentment, or be reduced to the baser metals of jealousy, unrest and dissensions. Bend over this crucible and study its elements!

Under existing economic and social conditions, there is no question but that the man assumes the larger burden of material responsibility in the marriage compact. As one young chap remarked at his farewell bachelor dinner not long ago, he was signing for a life job at making good in business and in society. The single man can yield to wanderlust, fling up his position and answer the call of the wild. A married man of limited income must steel his heart to that call and must find in the flame of his home fireplace the only possible substitute for the orange light of a setting sun on the desert's edge.

A richer man may answer the call and fare forth to mountain-bound lakes or glittering deserts, but in the silent watches of the night he will wake to see a mental picture of the "woman at home," tending his children, bearing the domestic burden alone; and so the sight of rod or rifle becomes wearisome to him.

Many a man is feeding a loom or testing electrical apparatus whose heart is starving for life in the open, for the surveyor's chain or the whistling of the wind through the shrouds.

But he knows that because he is married he must

stick to his job of making good for her sake. Otherwise the world and his own heart will know him for a coward.

The average married man feels that he must never again take a chance in business. "Wall Street" is held up to him as an awful warning. But all the chances, remember, are not taken in a stock-exchange building. A married man sees where perhaps the investment of the family savings, plus a little good luck at home and a lot of hard work on his part, might make him an independent commercial entity instead of a salaried employee. That little word "perhaps" holds him back. If his wife were taken ill, if the twins had a run of fever, if—oh, what's the use! He just puts ten dollars more in the savings-bank and lets the opportunity pass. And if he is the average American man his wife never hears of the "temptation."

Last winter a New York corporation offered a most desirable executive position to a western man. After careful reflection, he declined the offer. To a friend, he said:

"Yes, it meant several thousand dollars more a year

in salary, but it also meant the wreck of my domestic happiness. Out there in ——, my wife is a happy woman. She is something of a social leader. She has the satisfaction of knowing that her home and her gowns are the envy of the women who form her 'set.' If I move to New York she will be a tiny toad in a big social puddle. As a result, either she will live within our means and be dissatisfied, or she will live beyond our means and turn our happy home life into the wretched existence of the social climber."

Don't you think that man turned something worth while into the matrimonial crucible—good judgment, rare common sense? And yet he did not consider that he was making any sacrifice.

Again, the married man's home ties often interfere with his prospect in business. The single man doesn't have to worry about his wife keeping dinner for him when important affairs at the office demand attention. He is less liable to cut and run when dinner time comes and thereby has a better chance to "make good" with his employers.

I've seen men standing before their employers with lips set, nostrils pinched, fists clenched and cords

standing out on their throats. They were right and the employers were wrong. Sometimes they would have been justified in knocking the other man down, in walking out and never working in that store again.

And why didn't they?

Because times were bad, work was scarce—and they had taken a life job of making good for some one or several some ones at home!

Truly, the wife has to make good, too, in a material sense. She has to stretch the man's earnings. Often she has to do with her own hands what the man would like to hire done for her. But she doesn't have to fight against an empty envelope on Saturday night. Unless a woman has carried the burden of supporting a family she can have no conception of what "being fired" means.

A married man gives up his liberty. The average son of the average American mother, he has not answered for his hours spent away from home and work since he became a wage-earner. A decent clean-cut chap, his mother was too proud of him to suspect his companions or his diversions. Not so the wife of his bosom. She wants to know, and she generally finds

out, just where he is during every hour spent away from business and from her. She weeds out his men friends with a view-point purely feminine. He regards her card clubs or her sewing circle with mild amusement—they are her inalienable right. She considers his lodge or club a foe to fidelity, eventually depriving him, through her suspicions, of what might have been a normal, masculine companionship.

The woman has no liberty to cast into this domestic melting pot. She has always accounted to some one, mother, guardian, sister or Madam Grundy, for her comings and goings, and, except in the case of the abnormally jealous man, she now accounts less than ever. Married or single, women are always under the bondage of certain social customs and traditions.

And it is this very illusive quality of womanhood which a man must weigh against the more practical, material gifts which he casts into the matrimonial crucible.

The best of herself, her singleness of purpose and love; these are the great offerings made by the woman.

Which is the bigger contribution?

The man who has lived the lonely detached life

will tell you that the right to turn to one person, to love, at the close of the day's work, is the greatest privilege of his sex. The woman who has worked for her living will tell you that freedom from commercial bondage, the right to lean on love, these are the blessings which matrimony bestows on a woman.

But in the end the element, mysterious and evasive, which blends all the ingredients contributed by man and woman to the domestic crucible, is friendship, which means mutual appreciation, mutual sacrifice. All else it turns into purest gold of contentment.

CHAPTER VI

FAIR PLAY FOR THE YOUNG HUSBAND

EVER since most of us can remember marriage ceremonies at all, we recall that the bride approached the altar wearing a halo; the bridegroom, cap and bells. The bride is pictured as calm, serene and flower like. The bridegroom awaits her, trembling in the knees, pale and panic-stricken, the one question uppermost in his mind—"Has my best man got the ring?"

The average bridegroom is a much neglected individual. He is given little thought by those who still veil marriage, the wedding feast, the hanging of the crane in a new home, with the tenderness of tradition and romance.

It is the bride, clad all in white, peering from under drooping lids as the society reporters say, through a misty veil, into the new life stretching far ahead!

The bride giving herself into the keeping of the man who awaits her at the chancel; exchanging the carefree pleasures of girlhood for the duties of a wife! The bride promising to love and honor and all the rest of the time-honored formula!

Yes, everybody watches the bride—many through a blur of tears.

Does anybody look at the groom?

Yes, his mother—and there are tears in her eyes, too. And possibly a lot of men, those who have stood where he is standing, who admire his pluck and wonder if he really understands the responsibilities he is taking upon himself.

For, all popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, marriage is just as serious a step for the man as for the woman. There have been moments when his mind has been filled with doubts far graver than those which assailed the bride. A woman thrilling with love loses all fear of the future. The man knows that the happiness of their marriage depends largely on his own efficiency in planning and making their joint future.

If the bride realizes that she is exchanging irre-

sponsible girlish pleasures for wifely duties, the groom knows he is giving up bachelor freedom for a husband's deference to wifely and public opinion. The bride promises to love, honor and obey, yes! but the husband at the very altar proves that he intends to bow to her wishes, her preferences, when he subjects himself to all the terrors of this public ceremony before scores or hundreds of critical eyes.

The grown-up male creature is born with a spirit of independence, a firm belief in his individual rights. He may love his mother and obey her instructions, but he does not like to be questioned about his actions when he has been away from her. And the sensible mother accepts but does not force confidences. He has had to account to nobody concerning his earnings or his hours of recreation. But when he marries, all this is apt to be changed. In the average home the income is spent by the wife. The average wife also demands an accounting of hours which her husband spends away from home. The accounting may or may not satisfy her.

There is a cynical old saying that for women marriage is the beginning of living; for men it is the end.

This is largely because the girl is under the domination of her parents, until marriage endows her with a certain amount of freedom, while the man who has been comparatively free from parental supervision loses most of his freedom when he becomes a husband.

The bride knows that in this day of progressive womanhood, the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony is empty and idle. The man knows that domestic happiness is largely dependent upon the husband's willingness to defer to the wishes of his wife.

Such are likely to be the thoughts which float through the mind of the bridegroom as he stands beside the clergyman at the chancel, watching the white-clad figure moving down the aisle, straight into his life, there to remain so long as they both shall live. And such are the thoughts passing through the minds of other men, down there in the pews, as they look at the straight, black-clad figure beside the chancel railing, waiting for the coming of the bride. The women are thinking of the bride's gown; the men of the groom's future happiness or unhappiness. Which will it be?

Yet most men know not happiness till they are mar-

ried. They prefer to take chances, to offer to women the profit of their labor, their freedom, even the sacrifice of their personal tastes and inclinations, in the hope that it will all turn out right.

And why?

Because of the yearning of every decent, manly man to be the head of his own household, to see the woman he calls wife seated opposite him, to look into the faces of his children who will hand his name down to posterity, to be something more than a master of men, a producer of wealth, to express the biggest and best side of his nature.

Not long ago a man who had been successful in his profession, but unsuccessful in his marriage, secured his freedom after several years of litigation, during which his wife, with their only child, lived abroad. The wife, who was granted the custody of the child, remarried almost directly the decree was granted. The ex-husband was congratulated upon having finally achieved his freedom from irksome ties by a friend, who remarked:

"Well, I suppose you'll make the most of your liberty?"

"Yes, I'm going to marry again soon."

"Who?" demanded his astonished friend.

"I don't know yet, but the right woman when I find her. The past few years have been just so much wasted time for me. I haven't had anybody to work for, and I haven't done anything worth while. A wife and children are essential to get the best results out of some of us men."

Thousands upon thousands pouring into his purse —and nothing worth working for in life!

Yes, and that is why most men marry—because the wife and children are well worth working for, the biggest incentive a man can have. There can be absolutely no question—the average man marries because he wants a home, where he fondly hopes to spend his leisure hours and enjoy them; because he loves children and hopes to have them. The mistake he makes is that he is ashamed to confess these decent and honest instincts to the woman he marries. He is not frank with the woman he loves in the matter of his ideals concerning marriage. So the bride has one ideal of marriage, and the man, the young husband, has another. The woman idealizes the man exclusively;

while the man idealizes the woman, the home and marriage equally. The woman erects a pedestal of her dreams and bids the man of her choice climb upon it. She refuses to accept as satisfactory the real man who somehow does not fit her pedestal.

Before marriage, the engaged girl does not see the man of her choice in a common every-day environment. When they are together it is his job to make love to her, and he does it to the very limit of his capacity. She is utterly blinded by romance, and she can not picture this man at his factory, store or office, engaged in the grim prosaic task of earning money that she will some day spend.

When he is with her she reads aloud from the books she likes best. She thinks he is listening and enjoying the words of the author. In reality he is looking at her, and thinking how marvelously that tiny lock of hair caresses the white nape of her neck! How charming she will be, in a frilly negligée or something, at the head of his table!

What did the chap in the book say about a jug of water, some verses and a girl in a wilderness? Of course it would be paradise if *she* were there—any-

where—even in a cottage bought on the instalment plan or a five-room flat.

But when they are married and he begs her to lay aside her book while he tells her how he beat Brown, his deadly rival, out of the contract for the new mills, she decides that he does not like the things she likes, that they are utterly uncongenial and therefore marriage is a failure. She does not realize that this foolish man actually thinks his marriage ideal because his little wife understands poetry and he understands how to earn the money to make her comfortable and indulge her tastes.

Or if she has musical taste and education, she talks the history of music, great artists, great compositions, to her fiancé. She accepts his rapt attention as proof that he has musical intelligence. After they are married she discovers in horror that he does not know a Wagnerian cycle from a Chopin nocturne.

Before they are married the "good nights" and "good-bys" were thrilling moments, in which the man assured her over and over again that he loved her and he could not live without her. After marriage, a man, especially a suburbanite, can say "Good-by, I love

you" and kiss his wife in three seconds. He no longer tells her that he can't live without her. He does not have to. He knows she'll be right there when he comes home at night. And the average young husband is just as anxious to return to his home at the end of his day's work, as he ever was to call on his fiancée before marriage. Only he does not say so. He just comes home. And the wife who has idealized him until his common garden variety of masculinity is no longer visible to her naked eye, wonders how she could have been so sadly deceived by appearances. Why, he's just a plain man, like her father, her brother, and Mary Smith's husband!

What right has a woman to engage herself to a dream man, and then complain when she finds her husband real flesh and blood, with the average faults of the average male creature? Why doesn't the girl study the man sanely, keenly before marriage as well as afterward? The man is rarely clever enough to hide his little weaknesses, the habits which will annoy a wife. Why doesn't she learn what these are and decide whether she can keep on loving him in spite of all his faults.

Men study women this way. How often will a man's most intimate friend say to him: "Mary's all right, but she has a spitfire temper."

And the man in love with Mary will reply: "Yes, I know it, but she has a lot of good qualities, too. And I love her in spite of her temper."

Girls would save themselves—and young husbands—a great deal of trouble if they would look for faults instead of perfection during the engagement days, if they would understand that men of to-day are prosaic, humdrum wage-earners, not knights riding forth to war.

Among my friends is a man whose married life is so happy that all who know him comment on the fact. Yet this man tells me that the first six months of marriage were a veritable hell upon earth for both him and his wife. His bride had been petted and spoiled by family and friends. She expected Mr. Young Husband to continue the agreeable process, no matter how much it interfered with his business or how tired he was when he came home. She expected him to be a heroic figure at the humble task of supporting her and their home.

But he had never been an impassioned lover, and he was not exactly a heroic figure in his chosen profession. When his bride discovered that he was common clay she had to tell him how disappointed she was. Once she even went further and told him she could not understand how she had been so blind as to marry a man who did not share a single one of her tastes and ambitions! Then Mr. Young Husband talked back. He said she had ample time during a two-years engagement to discover his shortcomings. He had never posed nor masqueraded.

On this occasion some sharp speeches were exchanged, but nevertheless what the husband said must have sunk deep into his wife's heart for soon afterward she came to him to "talk it over." She had learned where all the trouble lay. She had found the cause of all the unpleasant scenes which were slowly but surely undermining their marital happiness. She had been trying to make her husband *fit her ideals, instead of fitting her ideals to her husband.*

The average girl idealizes the man she loves too much for her good and his. She endows him with qualities picked at random from books and plays. She

decides, in an entirely feminine and inconsistent fashion, that he is what she would have him be, and when he refuses to climb upon her self-erected pedestal, she does one of two things: informs him that he is not the man she thought he was, or she fits her ideals to the man she has married.

And the last is not a hard thing to do. If only young wives would earnestly try to uncover the true attitude of the men they have married toward marriage, toward love, toward parenthood, there would be less marital discord, less marital wrecks strewn along the coast of contentment. It's not easy to make a man over, even through love, but it is easy to bring out the better side of his nature—just by fitting your ideals to him. He wants to live up to the best in himself. It is not always possible for him to live up to the ideals you have chosen to endow him with.

But give him a chance! Start with your marriage day! Realize that to him marriage is just as sacred, just as romantic as it is to you! Then, having married him, believe that the real man you find can make you fully as happy as the dream man you walked with during those wonderful days of wooing and winning!

CHAPTER VII

HIS MOTHER

IF there is one time when we men acknowledge, without reservation of any sort, the superiority of the American woman, it is on her wedding-day. This is not because she presents such a lovely picture in her bridal robe. The tribute is paid to her courage! Without so much as the flutter of an eyelash she faces the ceremony, an ordeal before which the strongest of us men quail.

For weeks she has dashed madly from shop to shop, from dressmaker to milliner. She has been boned, fitted and draped. She has been photographed and interviewed. She has been lunched, dined, "showered" and "afternoon-tea-ed." She has done more and endured more in one week than the bridegroom has in twenty; yet look upon them both as the wedding march rings through the church!

See that mere man waiting in the chancel! His shoulders droop. His ashen face is averted. The shaking of his craven knees is visible to the naked eye of all who throng the pews.

And then behold the bride, erect, serene, floating down the aisle, her white-gloved finger-tips barely touching her father's arm, her eyes downcast perhaps, but her lips parted in a fearless tender smile. Her poise is perfect. For her the scrutiny of friend or foe holds no terror. Envy, malice and criticism can not penetrate the armor of her composure.

And yet there is one flaw in her armor as there is one flaw in her wedding-day happiness, and both are represented by a middle-aged woman seated near the chancel—His Mother!

Personally, I've never been able to understand why the average American bride is jealous of her husband's mother. Is it because His Mother knew and loved Him long, long years before his bride even met him? Does her unreasonable resentment rise from a sense of loss or curtailment of happiness in past years, or from fear of interference in the future?

So far as we men are concerned, we buried the moth-

er-in-law joke long ago. In this day and age, when girls spend ten hours in school to one in kitchen and pantry, we've learned that Her Mother is a pretty good sort of person to cultivate. She has solved the mystery of range-fires and patent roasters. She knows the difference between croup and bronchitis and can do a lot of effective things before the doctor arrives. And she realizes that even though a man may come home cross and hungry he still loves his little wife and will tell her so after his body has been fed and his soul is steeped in domestic content.

Yes, decidedly, Her Mother is a comforting sort of person to have around!

But His Mother! That is a different matter!

Come to think of it, girls, what is the matter with His Mother?

There she sits in the front pew with her eyes fixed on the black-clad figure waiting at the chancel. Perhaps the eyes are dimmed with tears; but they are bright happy tears, not the hot scalding drops of resentment or bitterness.

And she's dressed very much like Her Mother, in something soft and silken and shimmering. For her

son's wedding-day she has had her best laces cleaned, her jewels, whether sunburst of diamonds or humbler cameo, done over. Her hair is beautifully dressed. Her gloves are spotless. She looks like a lady—and she probably is one.

She has given a great many years of loving service that her boy may be fit to claim the slim gentle girl floating down the aisle. His father was probably too busy to contribute much to the boy's training except when some special appeal was made to his logic—or his strong right arm!

It was Mother who nursed him through illnesses more or less dangerous, who overcame prejudice and stubbornness in her efforts to inculcate the good table manners of which the little bride is now so proud. It was she who persuaded him to remain in school, when he wanted to run away and fight Indians or enlist in the navy. And it was she who taught him that a woman's pure love is a wonderful possession, the very foundation of a man's success and happiness.

Nine chances out of ten, if he went to college, she turned this gown and dyed that, wore mended gloves and last season's hats. Or if she possessed some small

fortune, it was reduced that he might buy an interest in one man's law practise or another man's store.

And why? That her boy might make a home for her in her old age, protect her, cherish her and supply her smallest want?

Not at all!

His Mother knew that the more quickly he acquired business or professional standing and a bank account, the more quickly he would make a home for—another woman. But she did not exactly mourn over this fact. Sometimes her lips may have quivered, her eyes grown a bit moist, but she would look bravely at her husband, the love of her youth, and say, "If only he is as good a husband to Her as his father has been to me!"

Yes, that's the way His Mother faced the situation long before the little bride of to-day had crossed his path!

She didn't think she would ever lose his love. She would just divide it with his wife. And strange to say, the wife, forgetting the years of love and service and sacrifice, looks defiantly into the eyes of the woman so ready to divide and murmurs, "No, I must have it all!"

Little bride, what happened when he and you decided that you had been brought into the world just for each other?

Even when you rested in his arms for the first time, when your lips parted after that first wonderful kiss, a thought flashed through your mind: "What will mother say?"

Do you imagine that he was thinking of His Mother?

I'm afraid not! I'm afraid he was thinking of only one great and glorious fact. You had confessed that you loved him. So did your absolute reign begin!

And very soon after that he asked your mother when you might be married. Did he *ask* His Mother? No—he simply announced when it would happen, and then he sat down to tell her all about you, the color of your eyes and hair, the curve of your throat, the marvel of your soft clinging hands, and pink fingertips, the books you liked and the music you played, the men who had tried to win you and failed—and how long off the wedding-day seemed!

And to all this she listened, gripping the hand she had once guided, understanding him, rejoicing

with him, and waiting to pour forth her own sense of loss and loneliness until she was alone with the God who had sent him to her—before you were born!

Then she took fresh heart. Perhaps after all she would be gaining a daughter rather than losing a son.

Is she?

Did you ever think, little bride, that you hold the happiness of His Mother in your pink-tipped hand? And perhaps along with her happiness, your own?

Let's stop right here and talk about one bride who forgot this fact and paid a heavy price for her selfishness and jealousy.

They were married in her home—far from his, and His Mother was taken ill just before the wedding-day. She sent her gift, a liberal check, and for the bride a personal offering in the form of real lace. But, oh, how she wanted to witness the ceremony and know the bride! No one dreamed, least of all the bride, how deep was His Mother's disappointment.

Then suddenly their plans for a honeymoon by the sea were changed. Business demanded that he take a trip half-way across the continent, stopping en route for twenty-four hours in a town near his old home.

His Mother heard of this, and as she was feeling better, suggested that she run up from her home town and spend part of the day with them. The husband was overjoyed—the bride interested.

At five o'clock in the morning, the young husband was awakened by a telephone call. His Mother had come up by boat. The purser was telephoning to ask the son to come down to the wharf. His Mother was none too strong. A stewardess was helping her to dress.

The young husband did not hesitate. He flung on his clothes in such haste that he did not note how quiet his bride had turned. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of her set and angry face.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"She must be a very selfish unreasonable old woman to plan her arrival at such an hour."

She did not realize that interest and love, not selfishness, had planned the long day instead of a few hours with them, and had led His Mother to endure the hard night trip by boat. Nor did she know how easy it is to slay a husband's love and pride with one foolish sentence.

They had been married five days. That one speech led to a quarrel which the man never forgot. He found himself leaving his young wife with his mother's gift of real lace crushed in his hand. He was a just man, but stern and proud, whose love would crown the woman who deserved it. His Mother was ready and willing to forgive, but the husband never again exposed her to the fury of his wife's ungovernable temper, the existence of which he discovered that bitter morning.

For five years he went regularly to see His Mother who would so willingly have come to see him and his wife. At the end of that time, he returned to her definitely, a man freed by the courts, but bound by bitter memories.

In another case which came directly under my notice, a young and beautiful, but unreasonably jealous, bride who had been an orphan from her eleventh year, started married life firmly convinced that the office and ambition of His Mother was to make trouble. She was equally sure that only her admirable tact averted domestic differences over His Mother.

Then something very unexpected happened. The

young wife was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism. His Mother closed the big house to which the young bride had refused to go and settled down in the mere dove-cote the young husband had provided. Then, for the first time, that headstrong young woman tasted the sweets of mother-love, found herself lifted by strong mother-arms, leaned against an unfailing mother-shoulder. The physicians worked their cure slowly. Mother-love performed its miracle quickly.

That was ten years ago. To-day they all live in the big house. The dove-cote is rented. And not long ago, as I sat in the husband's office, I heard him receive a telephone message from the wife he adores. It was His Mother's birthday and he was not to forget to bring home an especially fine box of candy!

They used to say, "Feed the brute!"

That is not enough. You will find that holding your husband's love, little bride, is a many-sided art. Try loving His Mother with Him. It will prove a strong tie between you and the "onliest man." And, after all, you owe her something, yes, something very big and fine indeed—Him!

CHAPTER VIII

LOVE VERSUS LOVING

"EVERYTHING that can be said about love and marriage has been written," complained the man. "Now, I leave it to you, have love and marriage really changed?"

"They have not—which is fortunate," answered the woman. "Society has so twisted and turned almost every other relation in life that men and women quite generally regard each other with suspicion. But when they meet on the good old-fashioned platform of love, marriage, and the home, they promptly turn normal again and decide that this is a pretty decent world after all."

"Then you believe that love is the greatest thing in life?"

She caught her breath quickly and for a few seconds her busy hands were very quiet.

"No—because there is something greater than love —and that is—loving."

The man looked at her keenly.

"Loving?"

"Yes—but you won't find the difference in the dictionary. You have to *live* it. Love is a sensation which passes. But *loving* is possessing the thing of which you have dreamed. It's chaining and controlling the emotion, and, finally, converting it into every-day happiness. Oh, if I could only tell your October brides—"

"Tell me," suggested the man, "and I'll tell the brides—"

"Oh, but you couldn't even translate it. Because, you see, it's woman-talk."

The man cudgeled his brain for an effective argument. The woman laughed at him.

"No—I never could *talk* it, not even in a dim room, with creepy music. But I'll try to *write* how I feel about it—in a letter. Perhaps you can work that into something."

And here is the letter, too wonderful in its sincerity to be changed by so much as a word:

"You know my husband—he's a pretty good, average, wholesome, loves-his-work American. It took me nearly two years to find this out. I started believing him a superman; for looks, a nineteenth-century Adonis; for manner, an up-to-date Chesterfield; for finance, a Morgan; and for patience, Job himself. And every time he slipped an inch from the pedestal, I grieved.

"Looking back, I see it now as an era of hysteria. I hear myself command my husband to kiss me, to tell me once again that he loved me. I see myself sulking while he read his evening paper. And, oh, how I still thrill with the memory of our long-drawn reconciliations when I sobbed and shuddered in his arms.

"That was love!

"My awakening came one night directly after a particularly hysterical reconciliation. I clung to my husband, my twitching fingers gripping his arms, my tear-stained face buried in his neck. I could feel the clasp of his hands loosening, and I clung all the tighter, crying, 'I love you—I love you so much!'

"Then he held me off and looked at me.

" 'Do you?' he asked. 'Do you really love me?' I nodded, tears choking further speech.

" 'Then, my dear girl, why don't you act as if you did? Why are you not happy and why don't you make me happy?'

"For a few seconds I was threatened with fresh hysteria, and then, thank God, I saw clearly even through the mist of tears. The man I loved was not angry nor sorry—just plain tired. No more terrifying rea-

lization comes to a woman than the fact that the man of her heart is bored. It affected me like a sudden dash of cold water. It dried my tears and clarified my thoughts.

"From that hour I began to cultivate the habit of loving—I encouraged that spirit of tenderness which is free from hysteria, that yearning affection which expresses itself in service, not in words, in sympathy and comradeship, not in passionate demands.

"You must not think that I turned myself into a human door-mat, inviting my husband to walk on his repentant wife. My new mental attitude is difficult to describe. Perhaps it can best be explained thus:

"In love, I served only to command praise, to be petted. In loving, I served because service brought contentment. In love, I saw myself conferring a favor on the man I had married, putting my body above my soul. In loving, I saw what the man was conferring on me, the support and the protection which give a wife that sense of safety and serenity which the unmarried woman never feels. I no longer demanded little attentions and courtesies from my husband. I deserved them and so I received them. I no longer held back, my eye on the clock, jealously wondering whether my husband would remember to bestow a farewell kiss.

"I discovered that my husband enjoyed reading his evening paper much better if I sat reading just near enough for him to reach out and pat my hand.

"Formerly, my chilling disapproval had served only

I discovered that my husband enjoyed reading his evening paper much better if I sat just near enough for him to reach out and pat my hand

to rouse his resentment and make the reading more persistent. That is the way with men.

"My husband was no longer afraid to telephone me that he had been detained in town by business. I understood, so the time once spent in convincing me that it was business, not selfish pleasure, was given to asking after my comfort, and sometimes a pretty compliment or a real love message that sent me from the telephone aglow with happiness.

"To-day, I do not miss the joy of reconciliation, because I have the uninterrupted sense of being loved and protected. In the old days, when I asked my husband if he loved me, I received perfunctory or teasing answers. Now I *know* that he does. I read it in his voice when he comes home tired and, with his arms around me, sighs, 'What would I do, if I didn't have you to come to?'

"He remembers my birthday—because I remember his. And I never take a chance of being hurt by his forgetting our wedding anniversary. I just remind him of it shamelessly, unblushingly, and then we plan some celebration together.

"We have our differences of opinion, of course, but we discuss them like good pals. Neither one of us is perfect. There are times when I could bury his old pipe five feet under ground. But I don't do it—because I know that my husband hates me to wear veils, and I *will* wear them to keep myself looking properly groomed. And there you are!

"Oh, don't you see, we've both acquired the habit of

loving, of holding the happiness of married life in our hands—the real thing, instead of the bubble we call love? I could write all night, and yet not tell you all that loving means.

"It means to me—well, saying, 'Oh, I do wish I had a copy of *Pictorial Review*,' and then finding one in his overcoat pocket the very next night. It means saying, casually, 'I would like to see something very foolish, like the—um—*Midnight Bride*'—and then having him telephone about noon that I'm to come to town because he has the tickets. It means when he leaves home suddenly that I'll receive a night letter-gram announcing his safe arrival and I'm to take good care of myself. It means the home-loving light in his eye each night as he drops his latch-key back in his pocket. It means feeling his hand on my shoulder as I felt it just a moment or so back—when he passed the desk. It means knowing that when his hair is white and my face is wrinkled instead of smooth, we'll be as happy as ever—growing old together. It means just thanking God for a good husband who loves me and believes in me. That is what comes with the habit of loving."

In this age of doubts and changes, a letter like hers seems indescribably fine. And it is finer still to fling aside arguments and sophistries, platforms and "isms," and to realize that the writer of this letter is not unique, but that in every corner of our great clean

country, there are other women as happy as she is; and, rubbing elbows every day with you and me, are hundreds and thousands of men who at night go home contentedly to just such women.

But such domestic happiness is devoid of sensation and thrills, unpicturesque and unromantic, so it is not novelized nor dramatized. What manager would be brave enough to picture home-life like this and call it modern drama?

No doubt every bride-to-be who reads the letter in this chapter will say, "Why, of course, I mean to be all that to my precious, precious boy." And she does.

But the questions arise: Does she know how to work the miracle? Has she the good judgment to recognize that practical manifestations of love are more sincere than the chant of "I love you—I love you"? Is she wise enough to believe that her husband has chosen her above all other women for something more vital and lasting than her physical charms—for the honor of bearing his name and to be the mother of his children?

A cynical woman who read this letter said:

"Oh, but *she* drew a prize-package from the matri-

monial grab-bag. *He* remembers her birthday? *He* brings her presents!"

The average man, the sort of man you and I know and break bread with, is a potential prize-package. He faces his wedding-day with heart and soul overflowing with good intentions. Nobody can crush them except the woman he marries. When a man has selected the girl for whom he is willing to work all the rest of his life, the girl with whom he is willing to live till death parts them, he has quite as fine ideals of marriage as any woman. This girl he is marrying is to be the mother of his children, the maker of his home, the guardian of his happiness.

If she studies with him the art of loving and develops into the true mother and home-maker of his dreams, she does not have to ask him whether he loves her, for he places her on the pedestal from which no modern ideas nor "isms" can drag her.

CHAPTER IX

A FRANK TALK TO THE NEWLY MARRIED

IF Aunt Myra had not come one hundred and fifty miles to attend the wedding of her favorite niece, this chapter never would have been written.

She was sitting in a corner of the parlor, watching the gathering of the guests for the dinner which her sister was giving in honor of the bridal party. Suddenly the bride-to-be gripped the elder woman's hand and whispered:

"There's Jack—stopping to speak to Mother. Oh, Aunt Myra, isn't he *splendid?* There isn't another man like him in the whole world!"

What Aunt Myra saw was a wholesome-looking young man of medium height, with a figure that would some day become "pudgy," with irregular but pleasant features, small twinkling eyes and stubborn hair. He was the type of man to bring home friends unan-

nounced, to become absorbed in his morning paper, to forget to order the coal, and to consider life too short to worry about trifles.

A few minutes later, Jack sat beside Aunt Myra, watching his heart's desire flutter from guest to guest. He turned impulsively to the gray-haired little woman and murmured:

"Isn't she adorable? I don't think I'm half good enough for her."

And what Aunt Myra saw this time was a slim young woman, at least an inch taller than her intended, with shoulders that stooped just a trifle, a mouth which was a bit too large for the rest of her features, but which fortunately disclosed beautiful teeth, a fair complexion and dull brown hair—just an average girl whose face was illuminated by great happiness. A girl, too, whose quick movements and retraced steps suggested impulsiveness and irritability, instantly regretted.

Aunt Myra studied Jack, an inscrutable smile playing about her lips. He did not speak again. He was glaring at one of the ushers who was evidently paying too much attention to the bride of to-morrow.

And no one dreamed that right out of the chatter and laughter, a queer little prayer made its way heavenward.

"Oh, dear Lord, mix in a little common sense with their love. Let her see, before it's too late, that he's just a man like her father and the brothers she's lived with all these years, and must be treated accordingly. And make it clear to him that she's cut off the same strip as his mother and sisters."

All over this beautiful June-kissed land, there are weddings and rumors of weddings. May blossoms have given way to bride roses. Misty veils are settling upon fair heads. And hundreds of Myras are saying:

"There's not another man like him in all the world."

And there never will be, if only each Myra mixes a fair measure of common sense in with this wonderful new love which she means to use in glorifying her Jack's prosaic existence. It will take a lot of common sense to receive the unannounced guest with a smile and to serve the warmed-over Sunday dinner with grace. More common sense will be needed to forgive Jack for not ordering the much needed coal, and still more to

refrain from nagging at him about trifles which a man prefers to ignore.

"But," demands some astonished Myra, "why should I have to contribute all the common sense?"

You don't. You are merely starting with your side of this beautiful life partnership. Jack will get a word or so later. Then, too, you see, so many marriages are wrecked because the bride builds her happiness on a shifty foundation, an idealized figure, a dream knight, behind which stands the real man, her seven-days-in-the-week husband. She endows him with qualifications and characteristics which he does not possess, the stuff that the gods were made of. Vaguely he has felt this and tried to put himself straight in her eyes. He has even gone so far as to tell her a few blunt truths about himself. But she closes her ears and proceeds to set him up on a pedestal, only to pull him down again before the honeymoon is over.

And when you come to think of it, this is not fair to the man. He has been honest, and he at least has the right to be taken at his own estimate of himself. How much better it is if the bride-to-be opens her eyes

to her beloved's weaknesses and faults, and then decides that she loves him despite these defects and can be content with him—and them.

You girls who have lived your young lives among fathers and brothers (pretty good men-folk at that) ought to be prepared for a few utterly human or masculine faults in the men you marry. You have no right to expect perfection. Do you expect to leave your own small faults at the wedding altar, to walk away in your white robes, a perfect being in whom a husband will find no flaw, physical, mental or spiritual?

Of course not.

Then why expect your young husband to pick up perfection at the marriage altar?

Look back over the days of your engagement. Jack lived with his mother, seeing you only at intervals, regular and frequent, no doubt, but still he saw you less than his mother. He spent part of his time at business. He did not cut all his old friends just because he was engaged. He even dropped into his club or lodge occasionally.

And you approved of all he did. You did not pur-

sue him with jealous thoughts, with telephone messages, with hysterical letters. You were courteous to his family and showed them the usual social attentions expected of a fiancée. You were charming to his old friends. You wanted them to approve the engagement. You listened to the funny stories he brought back from the club or lodge, and you admired the smallest trinket he bought you for Christmas, birthday or anniversary.

Incidentally *you* have done your duty by your family, kept up your social connections, lived your own personal life, in fact, have maintained your individuality. Why should all this be changed after marriage?

You will see even more of Jack now. Every night he will come home to you. Aside from his business interests, you will be the center around which all his life revolves. He has chosen you before all women, and most of the time when he is away from you, he is working for you. And yet we know of some young wives who never will understand this.

If he is five minutes late, you demand an explanation.

If he telephones that he will be detained an hour at the store or office, you work yourself up into a frenzy, and humiliate yourself and him by telephoning in fifteen or twenty minutes to make sure he told the truth and is really there.

If he stops off to see his mother or sister of whose illness he has learned by telephone, you accuse him of disloyalty to the wife waiting for him at home. You could have gone down with him after supper.

If an out-of-town friend, stopping at the local hotel, declines your invitation to dinner because he is travel worn or is expecting a customer any minute, you resent your husband's stopping down-town to dine with his old acquaintance. You rush off to tell Mother that Jack is already weary of the home you are slaving to make for him.

If he suggests spending an evening at his club or lodge, you suddenly discover that any organization from which wives are barred must be a den of iniquity.

And all this time, you are going your own sweet way, turning the key in your door and flitting off as you will, spending whole days with your mother, lunching with one friend, having tea with another, and at-

tending meetings of the church guild, the musical or bridge club. You are living your own life precisely as if your mother and Jack had changed places.

Do you think it is quite fair for you to go scot free as an individual, while Jack is nagged about every move he makes?

Give him an occasional evening off. You allow the hired girl that privilege, you know. Invite his men friends to your house. Study them, make them *your* friends and then occasionally turn him out to graze with them. Every normal man likes to get away from home and petticoats once in a while. Don't think because he has so good a time at his man-managed, man-and-smoke-infested club or lodge, that he is tired of you. Far from it—he'll appreciate you all the more.

A little bit of faith, a little more tact, a lot of love, with common sense pressed down and running over—these are happiness insurance!

If Jack is the average man, he needs common sense in starting household accounts with his bride. For every man who is born stingy, there are ninety-nine made stingy by their own folly. They start the new home off on a wild unsystematic business basis.

If you expect your wife to be a sane and sensible manager of your home, an efficient money spending partner, be honest with her

"Go ahead and get what you like," says Jack in the first flush of honeymoon happiness. And the little bride takes him at his word and is extravagant, only to be pulled up with a jerk that hurts, to be stung with unjust criticism of her bad management and eventually to decide that men turn brutes after marriage.

If you expect your wife to be a sane and sensible manager of your home, an efficient money spending partner, be honest with her. Don't be "romantic" in money matters. That's one place above all others where you need common sense.

When you asked her to marry you, you gave her a pretty fair idea of your financial prospects. Now sit down and be specific. Let her see the figures which represent your income and her share of it; how much you need to conduct your business; how much she will have to run the home; how much you intend to reserve for your personal expenses, clothing, etc., and what her personal allowance is to be. Don't forget the last item. It makes your wife respect you and herself, and it puts her on her honor.

Don't be afraid to let your wife see that you con-

sider yourself the business head of the concern. Women respect men who know how to run their business. They like to be consulted. They like to have the business confidence of their husbands, but they admire a man keen and strong enough to say decisively, "This is the best thing to do."

If you want to hold your wife's respect, remain master of your house. This does not mean ignoring your wife's wishes, nor riding over her good judgment in domestic matters. It is the delicate balancing of your relations, whereby you defer to your wife in all things which constitute her realm, and yet remain the power which influences her nature and all that she does. It is the indefinable quality in a man which commands a woman's respect and love while it casts out fear. The happy wife is she who believes in her husband, depends upon him, looks up to him, and yet knows that to him she is superior in that finer subtler way which makes men reverence women.

Don't let your wife fall into the way of thinking that she conferred a great favor on you by marrying you. A marriage which is a favor on either side is bound to be a failure. It ought to be a partnership,

exquisitely balanced. She assumes the responsibility of making the home, you of supporting it. She gives up some girlish pleasures, some measure of freedom. You give up in equal measure the comradeship of men, your independence after business hours. She must sacrifice to be the mother of your children. You must sacrifice for both her and the children. She and those children are going to look to you for all things material. It is a wonderful privilege to keep a family together, to educate them, to see them "make good," to watch your name pass unstained to the next generation and the next.

But you will lose half the reward of the sacrifices you both make, you will never quite touch the heights of wedded happiness in a splendidly balanced family life, unless you start out right, with common sense stirred into all the rainbow colorings of Love.

CHAPTER X

ARE YOU YOUR HUSBAND'S PARTNER?

IT was a typical after-dinner gathering of suburbanites on the veranda of the country club—quite the appropriate time and place to discuss the new family that had taken possession of the house above "The Glen." Their taste in pergolas and awnings, hedges and rose-beds had been reviewed without enthusiasm. Somehow the atmosphere suggested that the social prospects of the newcomers hung in the balance. Then suddenly the man in white flannels threw the conversational bomb.

"Well, you must all admit that she is a splendid housekeeper."

"Humph!"

"Well!"

"Really!"

And still more phrases like these, all uttered with

that singularly damning inflection which only the feminine voice can achieve!

And then you knew that the prospects of the newcomers no longer hung in the balance. They were shattered. Some one wisely changed the topic of conversation, and for a time the women did most of the talking. The men answered a trifle perfunctorily. They seemed to be thinking, and judging from what happened later in the smoking-room, they were thinking about practically one question:

"Why is good housekeeping bad form in this year of grace, 1917?"

Now in this particular suburb you will find the usual run of salaried men and small merchants or dealers. The bungalow of the accountant, who earns thirty dollars a week, lies under the shadow of a "villa" owned by a real estate operator, who may clear three hundred a week. Not a man in the place is rated at so much as a quarter of a million. Most of them are still struggling to secure a firm foothold in their professions or in the commercial world. They are frankly seeking new clients, new customers, new and better business openings. They are not men of

leisure, but workers—and workers because they are trying to insure their families against future want. Yet their wives sneer at a woman who is so unfashionable as to make "splendid housekeeping" her hobby.

The modern woman talks brilliantly about her right to be man's equal, his partner as well as his wife and the mother of his children. She insists upon standing shoulder to shoulder with him, and upon being the custodian of his business secrets. She wants to be his chum, his comrade.

It all sounds "good," but what do all these fine phrases really mean? To what end is she to be admitted into his every confidence? Is this comradeship to end in advising him how to make more money, or in aiding him to stretch his present income to the last penny's worth? Is this so-called partnership of modern marriage to be only a hollow mockery, or a practical working organization on both sides? Is the husband expected to contribute all the executive ability, while the wife draws out profits without contributing either capital or labor in the form of efficient household management?

Let us take a concrete example. A business man

wants to buy supplies. Say he is a magazine publisher and needs paper. Does he sit down at the telephone and call up the first name which comes to his mind and order a supply regardless of price or quality? Not for one minute. He calls up Messrs. A., B. and C. and compares prices and quality, then gives his order to the lowest bidder. When the goods are delivered he checks up the quantity and sees that he has not been short-weighted.

How does the average housekeeper go at it to-day? She wants a roast for the Sunday dinner. Nine times out of ten she telephones the butcher to send her a good-sized leg of lamb—the best he has. The price per pound does not interest her and when the meat is delivered she does not take the trouble to weigh it. Then at the end of the month she wonders why her meat bill is so high, while her husband frets and fumes about the increased cost of living. This is not an exaggerated case. Three-quarters of the buying of the household supplies entrusted to women is done in this manner. Six months of such slipshod methods would bankrupt the best organized business concern in existence.

You respect your husband when he succeeds in business. He loses some degree of your respect when he fails. You want him to respect your intelligence in turn. How can he when he sees you manage your end of the partnership in such a careless, irresponsible way?

I do not believe in the domestic enslavement of wives and mothers, in the reversion of housewives to the old and back-breaking methods of performing household duties, in the chaining of woman to the kitchen and the exacting appetites of husband and children. But I do believe that because she now has the household conveniences, the aids to housewifery which were denied her grandmother, yes, and her mother, she should convert the physical strength they once expended into intelligent, result-producing gray-matter which will make her a far more valuable partner in her new executive capacity. The man of the house makes the money. The woman makes it last—or fly. In this sense, the modern wife is perhaps the more important member of the partnership.

Seven billion dollars' worth of foodstuffs is sold in this country every year. The bulk of it is purchased

by wives with the money earned by husbands. These figures ought to make the women of America open their eyes to their financial, domestic and matrimonial responsibilities. The expenditure of seven billion dollars requires what might be termed collective housewifely ability, and the collective ability is dependent upon the individual ability, or sense of responsibility. Every wife who spends any part of that seven billions is the domestic partner of some man.

What does she contribute to their partnership? Knowledge, training, interest and enthusiasm? Or ignorance, indifference and scorn of its so-called menial duties?

To carry the comparison further, how closely does the partnership between a man and his business associates parallel with that which he maintains with his wife? He demands of his business partner business methods. If he finds that his partner wants to run their business on the principle that this, that and the other thing must be bought just because other firms have it, and that somehow the money will be forthcoming to pay the bills, he is ready to dissolve the partnership.

When a wife runs bills far beyond her household allowance, she is trusting that somehow, perhaps by a miracle, her domestic partner will have his income increased before the first of the month rolls around. She jeopardizes their domestic peace and her husband's business standing by her recklessness. But he can not talk about dissolving this partnership, because there are his marriage vows, the children and the rather remarkable fact that he continues to love his domestic partner despite her failings and follies!

If a business man hears his business partner ordering supplies over the telephone, without regard to price or quality, he rises in his wrath and tells his partner that the latter is not fit to represent the firm as its purchasing agent, and he refuses to entrust him with any more funds. But he can do little with his domestic partner who orders her groceries, meat, vegetables and fruit by telephone. If he remonstrates with her, she pleads "getting the children off to school," the seamstress, an engagement with the dressmaker, the tailor, at the club or some urgent social demand on her time. Since the telephone has come in, marketing in person has gone out. Nobody is doing it! And

before such arguments the working business partner falls back, helpless and hopeless.

Show me a member of a firm who wants to spend money just to make a big showing for the concern, and I will show you a man who is destined to be bought out—or kicked out. But a mighty fair proportion of that seven billions entrusted to the women of America is expended on keeping up appearances, making a good showing, even on the table.

I know a man who married on fifteen dollars a week. They lived in a comfortable little home, entertained modestly and managed to pay their bills. For two years he worked fourteen hours a day to make both ends meet, and then promotion came. To-day this same man makes one hundred fifty dollars a week. They still live modestly, don't entertain much more than in the early days and yet it takes one hundred dollars of this weekly one hundred fifty dollars to keep the house going. True, some of this additional expense can be laid to the increased cost of living and to the fact that the man keeps an automobile, but his wife is a bargain-hunter. She can not see anything cheap but that she wants to buy it, whether she needs

it or not. The consequence is that the house is cluttered up from cellar to attic with odds and ends of material, useless bits of furniture, laces and such, put away for a rainy day. His wife complains that the automobile costs so much to maintain; yet the man's expenditures on his automobile in six months don't approximate what his wife spends in useless purchases in the course of one month.

This man ought to have a good-sized bank account; but I happen to know that he hasn't five hundred dollars in the bank after all these years, and that he is often hard put to meet his bills promptly. I can only blame his wife. Prosperity has been too much for her. She has made a failure of her end of the partnership.

Show me a man in business who buys raw materials or wholesale lots just because they are cheap, knowing full well that the firm may never be able to manufacture them into salable articles or turn the money thus spent to advantage, and I will show you a man who will be seeking a new partnership in short order.

A business man demands business methods of his business partner. He has a right to demand them of his matrimonial partner. And this is what "splendid

housekeeping" means to us men. Not an "uncomfortably-nice" house, but a house which radiates peace and good management! Not a slave to pies, biscuits and puddings, but a wife who knows how to buy the supplies from which these delectable articles are made and how to employ the right sort of help in her kitchen to make them!

Every mother's son of us wants his wife to be progressive, dainty and as care-free as his income will permit. But she can not be clear-minded, well-groomed and light-hearted *after* business hours, if she is not businesslike during her business hours. There can be no comradeship when the good management is all on the man's side. The woman harassed by the results of her own bad management, debts and self-contempt, is no comrade at all. The woman who wants to be a real partner, as well as a wife and mother, will lose nothing by being a "splendid housekeeper." In no other way can she be of such practical help to her husband.

CHAPTER XI

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE—WHY?

WHY does the American woman age more rapidly than the American man?

Because she works harder than he does, whether it is in her home, in business or in society. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she makes every form of work—and pleasure—more difficult by her method of attack. The masses of women have not changed much since some one wrote the old saw: "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." And it is about time that they did change, if only for the preservation of the health, nerves and looks of the future generations.

Some time ago I spent a night in the county seat of a prosperous farming district. The big theatrical event of the season was scheduled for the evening, the annual engagement of a popular minstrel troupe. Naturally I followed the crowd to the town hall.

Just in front of me sat three interesting persons. One was a young farmer of perhaps twenty-three or four, stalwart, well-proportioned if awkward, but as obviously self-satisfied, uncouth and narrow-minded as lack of education and travel could make him. Next to him sat a young woman of nineteen or twenty, radiant with the natural, ungroomed beauty of the healthy country girl. A home-made frock and village millinery could not dim the charms of her straight slim figure, her thick wavy hair, and her pink and white complexion, which, it was clear, was all her own.

The third person in the group was the girl's mother, a woman of forty-two or three, who looked all of sixty. Bent shoulders; drooping head; misshapen gnarled hands; deep lines in a sallow skin; expressionless, faded eyes—all proved her the household drudge, old and tired before her time. Yet studying first the mother and then the daughter, I felt quite sure that some day the former had been just such a radiant country beauty. And I am equally sure that in twenty years the daughter will be just such a tired, work-worn woman.

Why? Because she will probably marry the un-

couth self-centered man whose very attitude was already that of a satisfied owner! Perhaps you say: "Ah, but they were in love. Here was an idyl of pastoral life."

An idyl or a tragedy; which?

An idyl, provided the man is sufficiently or rather unselfishly in love with the girl, and will demonstrate his love in a practical way. She is to be his partner in making their farm a success. It is therefore only fair that she should have as many conveniences with which to carry out her share of the toil in the house, as he has in his barn. If he can spare the money and the time to build a new trough to carry off water at the barn, he can run a drain pipe from her kitchen sink to the cesspool, and save her hundreds of steps. But if he lightens his work with every labor-saving device he can afford to purchase and leaves her to do her work in the most primitive and laborious way, if he takes better care of his live stock than of his wife, then what?

Soon after my return to town, I happened to drop into a moving-picture theater patronized by skilled workmen, their families and young people who looked

as if they might be clerks or stenographers. As I studied the faces round me, before the lights were lowered, I suddenly recalled the farmer's daughter and the farmer's wife, as I had watched them at the minstrel show.

Here were husbands and wives out alone for an evening's pleasure, and there were other couples accompanied by their children. In almost every instance the husband was younger looking, better looking and better groomed than his wife.

These men were square of shoulder, erect and firm of step, solid in flesh and muscle and clear of eye. They looked as if they had laid aside their working clothes and had dressed deliberately for the evening's outing.

But, oh, their wives, who had risen earlier to prepare the breakfast, who had hurried about all day and had washed, and "stacked" the supper dishes against their return! They looked work-worn and joyless. You felt that the unwashed dishes or the unmended stockings were on their minds.

A few days later I attended an anniversary dinner at a country club in a pleasant suburban town. Here

it was the same story. Nearly all the wives of prosperous if not rich members looked older than their husbands, despite their faithful visits to manicurist, masseuse and hair-dresser. Most of the men had knocked off early to enjoy a game of golf before dinner. They came strolling in from the links, ruddy and full voiced. Their wives stopped at home until almost the last minute, perhaps to make sure that supper was properly planned for the children, or that the seamstress had plenty to do until time for her to leave for the day, or to make a forgotten call or do a bit of belated shopping. They arrived in haste, with furrows in their foreheads, and their voices high pitched and querulous.

The average woman is a human clock that never runs down. Even in her sleep she dreams of unfinished tasks. And she wakens to the realization that here is another day of "catching up."

Why?

Partly because she has inherited her temperament from many generations of fussing, fuming, drudging women. Partly because the men of her household are selfish. Partly because she is too conventional, too

bound by traditions to systematize her work and to demand the labor-saving devices to which her position in the home entitles her, and to cultivate that particular brand of laziness which leads her husband and sons to seek the easiest and quickest method of accomplishing a task.

Up in the heart of the Berkshire Hills is a typical New England farm-house. Its shingles are as gray as its memories. The pump is ten feet from the front door of the barn and a hundred yards from the kitchen door. Some one asked the farmer why he hadn't reversed the distances, and he replied facetiously: "Well, there's five horses and ten or more cows to be watered in the barn, and only three humans to water at the house."

A few miles away there is another farm-house, perched on a beautiful eminence, sloping down to a lake, clear as a crystal. There is no pump on the place. The drinking water gushes from a spring at the head of the lake, which has been artistically walled in by the farmer. The water used for domestic purposes is literally dipped out of the lake. For years the wife

of this farmer begged to have a well dug near the house. The man's reply was always the same:

"Why in Sam Tuckett should we dig a well? That spring is the best water in seven counties. We couldn't find another vein as good if we dug near the house a hundred feet deep. And you don't hear me kicking, though I have to lead the stock down to the lake twice a day."

He never stopped to figure that he led the stock down, but carried nothing back, while his wife had lugged most of the water for household uses.

God help the woman whose husband is the personification of selfishness. Perhaps some day there will be formed a society for the prevention of cruelty to wives, and then the man who is kinder to his stock than to his wife will disappear.

But there are other women who are at once blind and obstinate. They persist in doing things just as their mothers and grandmothers did before them. They think that any labor-saving device is an extravagance and a promoter of laziness in the home circle. They would rather suffer tortures over an old-fashioned

cook stove in midsummer than take chances on the best oil or gasoline stove on the market. They will admire the patent seeder which shortens their husbands' toil, but think a washing machine is invented to tear clothes or leave them streaked and gray. They will sacrifice a lot of splendid strength and nerve force on two ugly steps leading from the kitchen to the pantry when, in an hour or so, husband or son could replace the steps with an inclined runway guaranteed not to jar the spine at each step.

A woman of this type sprained her ankle. Lying on a couch in her kitchen, she worked herself into a frenzy over the waste of the young Polish girl, impressed as a temporary cook. The doctor decided that the sooner she could do her own cooking, the better for her nerves if not for her ankle. He suggested to her husband the purchasing of a certain combination kitchen table and cabinet. With cooking utensils and groceries at her very hand, the woman could sit in front of the cabinet and prepare most of the meals, the helper doing only the actual work at the stove.

The woman groaned over the extravagance of that

purchase, and the "newfangled" idea, but she argued that anything was better than watching that green girl waste food supplies.

By the time she could stand on her feet, the woman had had a lesson in conserving strength. She no longer hangs her cooking utensils in the cupboard farthest away from her stove. She keeps her reserve stock of groceries in the pantry, the rest in the cabinet. She has found that a woman can have everything within easy reach, save steps and still not be "lazy."

When all is said, I think men-folks are naturally lazy. This is proved by the fact that most all labor-saving appliances are invented by men.

When a man sees a big piece of work before him, he is very apt to reason thus: "Looks like that job will take about six hours. Wonder if there ain't some easier and quicker way of getting at it?"

Then he sits down and thinks—thinks what tools will do the work best, which one of his helpers will be the most useful to him and how some of his neighbors have tried new ways of getting the same result. He may actually sit thinking this way, planning and

scheming for twenty minutes or half an hour, but in the end, the job takes him three hours instead of six.

But when the average home-making woman sees a big task looming up before her, she figures blindly that her time is worth nothing, she receives no wages, and she never catches up anyhow. Then she does it in the same old hard way, and never sits down at all.

Aside from the question of abusing her physical force, which is the capital on which her family and herself are dependent for domestic comfort and happiness, there is a more intimate, a more sentimental phase of the question which no woman can afford to ignore. Good housekeeping or good home-making is a factor in holding a husband's love up to just a certain point, and that is where it begins to tell on her attractiveness. This is not an age when men want their wives to "enjoy poor health" or revel in drudgery. It is not a day when woman can afford to be careless of strength, youth and looks. Instead she must conserve all three.

This she will not accomplish so long as she overworks and "underrests," so long as she thinks that her work can be done in the most difficult way simply be-

cause she is not a wage-earner. By the very nature of her duties a woman in the home and especially a mother must work earlier and later than her husband does. She starts the first meal before it is necessary for him to rise; she clears up the last meal after he is once more free to rest. But if he is entitled to rest *after* his day's work, why is she not clever enough to realize her right to rest sometime *during the day?* Why does she believe that some well thought out plan to shorten her hours of toil, some device to save steps, stooping or reaching are evidence that she is becoming lazy? If the modern woman is really the equal of man, why does she not prove the fact by learning how to save herself precisely as the man does?

Here is something for the home-making woman to consider. It is a form of working equality which she can secure without the ballot.

CHAPTER XII

WAGE-EARNER VERSUS HOME-MAKER

BELOW is a letter addressed to the writer which ought to bear the heading *Women of America.*

"I am forty-two years old, and a wage-earning woman. I started at seventeen on five dollars a week. To-day I get fifty dollars a week. I used to be proud of my success. Lately I have felt that I'm not so smart after all.

"After working twenty-five years, I have nothing to show except a neat suburban home. This is because I have supported a widowed mother and two younger sisters. At forty-two I ought to be in my prime, capable of my best work. Instead, I'm dog-tired and catch myself wishing that I were dead! This is because I've had no chance to rest or relax at home.

"It's this way. I go to the office at eight-thirty, and am at my desk until five, with perhaps thirty or forty minutes for lunch. If I'm lucky, I get a seat riding home. Otherwise I hang on to a strap for forty minutes. Before I have time to refresh myself with a good wholesome meal, Mother has spoiled my appetite by telling me all her trials, or she meets me at the

door with a request that I run round the corner for a loaf of bread or the steak some one forgot to order. I have on my hat and coat, or have an umbrella if it's raining, and I won't mind. But I do!

"If the girls go out evenings I am expected to turn in and wipe the dishes. If repairs are needed around the house, I am expected to telephone about them or stop off at the shop because, being in business, I will know how to talk to the carpenter or plumber. Mother loves me, but she thinks that because I *sit at a desk all day* I don't get tired. She and the girls think housework much harder than the work I do. I ought to be glad to help them at night. Nobody mends my clothes or runs ribbons through my lingerie. They think it rests me to do odd jobs evenings.

"Another thing, I've discovered that I'm getting dowdy. The girls must have new dresses for this social affair and that; but if I have good tailored things for business, it's enough.

"It's all very well to talk about compensation in the thought that you have done your duty, but I'm beginning to think that my duty has run to too many good times and fussy clothes—for my sisters.

"I'm not writing this to tell you my troubles, because I mean to turn over a new leaf this summer. I'm going to have some white shoes and frilly frocks, too. But I hope that my letter will give you an idea for helping others. I believe that there are hundreds of husbands and fathers just as dog-tired and discouraged as I am, because they turn all they earn into the home and get so little back in the way of comfort, so

little fun inside or out of it. Just think, I've worked twenty-five years; and on a salary of fifty dollars a week I am still figuring on whether I dare buy a hand-made shirt-waist! There's something wrong. What is it?"

The trouble lies in the lack of sympathetic understanding between the wage-earner and the home-maker; between the person who supports the home or provides the funds, and the person who makes the home or expends the funds. Each thinks that the other has the easier time. And the breach widens.

Yet in this very spirit of unrest concerning the relations between home-makers and wage-earners lies the hope of a clearer domestic atmosphere. The wage-earning girls of to-day will be the wives and mothers of the next generation. If they direct their households from the wage-earner's view-point, the number of desertions and divorces in this country will be greatly reduced.

In every line of work, success depends upon concentration. The man or woman who feeds a machine or loom concentrates relentlessly with eye and hand. Every muscle in his body is tense for eight hours each

working day. When the bell rings, those muscles almost snap. Sometimes the worker has a hard time assuming a different position. As he expresses it, he aches all over.

Out in the office sits the man higher up in a cushioned chair, behind a polished desk. Sometimes he leans back, apparently doing nothing. He rings for employees to do his bidding. He dictates his letters. He smokes! Yet behind the blue cloud of tobacco smoke you will find taut facial muscles and eyes keen and set. His mind is concentrating on the demands of his customers, the moves of his competitors. When he rises and closes his desk for the night he is conscious of a mental lassitude or weariness which only some form of relaxation can relieve.

Both men turn from the scene of their day's toil, thanking their Maker for sixteen hours of relief before the mill begins to grind on their strength again. But they don't always admit the mood. It's a sort of masculine pose not to acknowledge exhaustion.

Both men go home. To what? Not always, but sometimes to incompetent and inconsiderate homemakers.

The mechanic's wife has no servant. In the stress of the day's work she has forgotten to buy the fresh onions her husband wants served with his supper. Her daughter has not come home from the store where she clerks. The boys are off playing ball. The tired wage-earner trots back to the grocer's for the onions he has earned and has expected his wife to buy. He dines to the tune of wifely complaints. Billy kicked a hole through the screen door. He must get some netting and fix it. Mary's shoes need half-soling and heeling. He should take them to the cobbler, because he drives a better bargain than she does. And before he goes, will he drive a half dozen nails under that pantry shelf for brushes and rags?

Right after supper he hurries off to buy the wire netting and the nails and to interview the cobbler. He meets an old crony and stops to talk politics. On his return he can't understand why his wife looks daggers at him. She is still wiping dishes, putting away clean clothes or mending his torn shirt. And he's been off gadding while the flies slip through the hole in the screen, and the brushes and rags lie on the pantry floor!

He goes at his tasks with a candle and a frown. He doesn't see why she and the boys can't keep the house in repair, and he tells her so.

In a way, he is not unjust. Boys are handy with tools and work well when vested with authority. Girls should keep their own clothes in order, even to driving bargains with cobblers. The wife does not mean to be selfish. She does not see her husband bending over his machine. She realizes only that his day's work is done and hers is not. She unconsciously resents this fact and finds little things for him to do while she finishes her tasks. And the husband resents her jealousy of his leisure, because he thinks that if she managed her work better during the day she would have time to rest and not be so tired by night. He argues that she need not work more than eight hours or ten, if she will rearrange her work.

Suppose we follow the man higher up. There is a servant in his kitchen. Yet his wife has a lot of odd jobs waiting for him. A window shade reposes on the floor because the bracket is loose. He must get the step-ladder, a screw, etc., and fix it. It could just as well have been done by the man who cleans the cellar

and the front walks, and who loves to tinker at such things.

The husband goes to the bathroom, only to find that the faucet still needs a new washer. The water has been wasting like this for weeks. He'll telephone the plumber in the morning. Yet he feels that his wife might have done this much some time during the day.

It begins to rain. That leader is still loose, and the unchecked torrent from the roof is tearing away the terrace where he planted lilies-of-the-valley. How often he has asked his wife to send for the tinsmith! This time he goes to the telephone and gives the order himself.

Down there at the factory he tied up every loose end before he closed his desk for the day. He wonders why his wife can't get them tied up at home before his return. He figured on sixteen hours of relief from concentration and strain. He planned on reading a diverting book, playing a game of cards or perhaps just loafing in the hammock or porch chair. But by the time he finishes off his odd jobs he is, like the writer of the letter, dog-tired and discouraged.

We are not insinuating that the home-maker's life

is one of case. Both wage-earners and home-makers work hard; but lack of concentration and system makes the home-maker's existence harder than it need be, and it angers the wage-earner.

Home-making is as much a trade as weaving, as much a profession as the law. The expert mechanic concentrates on his machine, or his pay envelope runs short. The lawyer ties up every loose end of his case, or his client loses. The home-maker must systematize her expenditures and her housework, until she reaches the point where she can afford to have odd jobs done by mechanics or day-workers.

When the American girl sees home-making as a profession or a trade, not as a more or less regrettable price to pay for love and marriage, the home-maker and the wage-earner will reach a better understanding. To-day the average mother advises her daughter to marry a man who can supply her with servants. She does not stop to consider that these servants must be organized into an effective working force by her daughter, precisely as the daughter's husband has organized the employees in his factory or store. If the daughter can not do this, even though she may not

need to clean or cook or serve with her own hands, she will turn to her competent husband for what she has no right to demand—his help in running the home which he works hard to support. If the husband can not afford to pay the wages of a servant, his wife should be willing to become his working partner, stationed in his home, there to do her work in a way that will command the respect of the husband who supplies her with the raw materials, namely, the home and its equipment.

The girl who is engaged in any sort of gainful occupation, makes a very grave mistake when she sees in matrimony release from all form of work and responsibility. The very fact that she has worked with men and has been a wage-earner should teach her the right of the wage-earner she marries to expect efficiency in the home from her.

To be brutally frank, the parasitic woman has gone out of style. It is no longer enough for a wife to be attractive in her husband's sight, to dress and cook to please him, to bear him children, to cajole him and flatter him. It's the day of efficiency in the home, a day created by the women themselves through their

demand for sex equality. Men are beginning to demand just what the women claim to have attained—efficiency. This demand is one of the penalties of equality.

CHAPTER XIII

WHY MEN DISLIKE TO DRESS UP

THIS conversation never took place; but it is realistic just the same.

"Take me like this, and I'll go; but I won't wear evening clothes!"

"Why not?" she demands tearfully.

"Because I'm tired," he answers positively.

"Well, so am I, but I'll *have* to dress."

"I wouldn't mind dressing if I'd been sitting around all afternoon in one of those things." This with a wave of his military brushes toward her lace trimmed negligee. "I've been on duty in a stiff collar since eight-thirty this morning, and I'll be hanged if I'll stuff myself into a claw-hammer coat to go to a concert. I like music, but I don't enjoy it when I wear evening clothes."

Whereupon she bursts into tears, punctuated by remarks about how he disgraces her and the family

by refusing to dress, removes the traces of tears with eau de cologne, puts on a simple gown instead of the white satin and crystal creation she had laid out and sits through the concert, a martyr to her husband's business suit!

A common episode this in the average American home where the man's evening clothes are more apt to be moth eaten than to show shiny seams from hard usage. Admitting that we men are a trifle selfish in matters of personal comfort, father does not realize that he has spoiled mother's evening by his refusal to be trussed up in a claw-hammer coat, and he would certainly take issue with an eminent divorce judge who has said that man's defiance of the conventions in dress has often caused wifely affection to cool. Nonsense! Everybody who knows them knows also that he has a dress suit, and the rest do not matter!

Woman's joy in evening attire and man's dread of it present one of the curious contrasts of married life for which there is a psychological reason. The wife will spend almost any amount of time in preparation and endure almost any amount of discomfort if her dinner or dancing gown strikes fire against the envy

of other women; but her husband rarely outgrows the belief that a claw-hammer coat is the natural grafting of a straight jacket on a clown's blouse! Dressing is recreation for a woman, punishment for a man. A woman buys evening frocks for pleasure. A man buys a new evening suit because there may arise occasions when his business or professional interests would be advanced by wearing them. A woman strokes her new satin dress with a loving appreciative hand. A man regards the evening clothes she has laid out for him with a fishy or vindictive eye! Which brings us to the psychological reason for these widely divergent view-points!

In a household whose master can afford to possess evening clothes the wife has some leisure, some opportunity during the afternoon to relax and regain energy for the social events of the evening. The husband pays for this leisure in unremitting effort, concentration of thought and nervous energy. Under existing economic conditions, comforts, luxuries and leisure for the wife mean the husband's triumph over competition. He does not regard this as a sacrifice. He does not pose as a martyr. Rather the prosperous

appearance of his wife is added proof of his success. He is proud of her, fond of her; but he thinks that she demands too much when she asks him to be continually dressed up for her! He has toiled all day with hand or brain that she may outshine the lilies in their social pastures, and he feels that he has earned the right to relax and enjoy himself when the clock strikes six. And he holds that it is utterly impossible to relax or rest in a claw-hammer coat!

Attacking the problem of evening dress from the man's point of view, consider how the man's day runs. In the morning he girds himself for the day's work in modern fashion by bathing, shaving and dressing to give the air of prosperity and success he may or may not yet have attained. He does not remove his coat or starched collar at any time during the day. There is absolutely no negligee attire for the real business man.

Now on reaching home, unless his store or factory is exceptionally dirty, he is in physical condition to dine with his family after washing and giving his hair a few deft brushes. After dinner a smoking jacket is the masculine substitute for a kimono. He feels

that in such attire he is quite presentable before the family circle and can enjoy part of the comfort he has earned. If there are to be guests at dinner or a game of cards later on, a fresh collar and a smarter tie are about all he feels equal to. His sartorial duty has been done.

Evening clothes are quite another matter. With many men they mean an extra shave, the unforgetable struggle with studs and an unruly tie and an hour or more of time and effort at just the hour when the business man's vitality is at a low ebb. If he dresses before dinner he sits down to the table thoroughly exhausted. If he dresses after a hearty dinner he invites nervous indigestion or loses all the good effects and enjoyment of what should be the most restful and strengthening meal of the day. In this way he sacrifices the one chance of relaxing and resting the day affords, for the average man lives so far from his store or office or factory that even with modern methods of transportation he reaches home barely in time for the evening meal.

This is the purely physical aspect of the case but it is extremely important, for the prosperity of the fam-

ily depends upon the recuperative powers of the man who supports it.

Then comes the simple right of the man to enjoyment. He has the same right to pleasure that his wife and daughters have, the same need for recreation and diversion. After he has had his evening meal and a glimpse at the paper he is ready for a game of cards, a neighborly call, a concert or a trip to the theater, provided this does not entail the claw-hammer coat! There is something about evening clothes, which the average American man feels but can rarely describe, and which destroys spontaneity and makes pleasure artificial. The game of cards or concert or play is turned into a dress parade. Pleasure is transformed into duty. There is no relaxation nor recreation for the tired spirit of the worker.

This need of relaxation and the cry of the spirit after the day's work for the simpler pleasures are responsible for the fact that so many married men seek pleasure at clubs, smokers or any sort of gathering where male creatures foregather and where claw-hammer coats are barred. A coatless and collarless game of pool, an hour's bowling or a rubber of whist rep-

resents not only amusement but relaxation. And a great many more clubs for both men and women would succeed if the women would consider the need of the men for simple entertainment instead of the formality entailed by décolleté bodices and claw-hammer coats.

Study the history of your own country club. It started in the outdoor season, didn't it? The women sat on the porches or played tennis or followed the men over the links in simple linen or serge frocks. For the Saturday night dances they brought out the dainty lingerie dresses we men all admire. The men played golf and tennis in soft shirts, uncreased trousers and comfy belts. They came to the dances in blue serge, white flannels or even linen suits. And everybody was chummy and perfectly happy.

Then came cold weather—and claw-hammers by the decree of the women. The men tried to rebel. They told their women-folk to dress as they liked—short frocks or long; low necks or rounded ones—but for themselves they would come in comfortable clothes or not come at all. The rebellion was short-lived. Newcomers who wanted to curry favor with matrons of influence, specially invited guests and husbands who

would rather be martyrs to claw-hammers than endure wifely hysterics, capitulated. Each Saturday night there were more claw-hammers, and those men who tried to stem the rising tide of formality gave up and eventually ceased to come at all. The men who had made the country club possible were not among those present at the mid-winter dances. The club no longer represented recreation for them.

And how many neighborly card clubs have been disrupted in the same way! They started out in the most informal manner and never a tired business man complained about going. Then some ambitious hostess invited just a few extra guests one night, which was whispered around among the wives, and the husbands were asked to dress up *just this once*. The result was inevitable. Evening clothes became practically obligatory and the club's usefulness as a source of relaxation for tired business men ceased right then and there.

Without doubt many women living in small cities or towns imagine that their men-folk are the most pronounced rebels against the claw-hammer coat. They are wrong. The rebellion is led by the city man, and the bigger the city the better organized the revolu-

tion. Ask any tailor and he will tell you that the more easy and comfortable dinner coat is shoving the claw-hammer out of place for everything except the most formal affairs. The average city man does not wear evening clothes to the theater unless he is one of a box party or the occasion is of unusual importance. At the very best concerts you see only a sprinkling of claw-hammers, while thousands of intelligent supporters of good music enjoy it in the same suits they wore home from business.

Within a comparatively short time a restaurant which refused to serve male diners not wearing evening clothes had to close its doors; and from London comes the amazing announcement that the management of historic Covent Garden no longer enforces the stern "evening dress" rule. Why, when the bigger cities are relaxing in the matter of the claw-hammer coat, should the smaller towns be torn asunder over the problem?

Those who know New York and Washington and Philadelphia and Boston know that striking styles and reception toilets are worn in public places only by those women who have no opportunity to wear them

at private social functions. It is delightful to scan a fashionable audience at a good play or a fine concert in a large city and note how simply the really smart women dress and how easy this makes it for their escorts to come straight from business to the concert or play if necessary. It is a good sign that a woman of standing does not hold it essential for her escort to tog himself out like a head-waiter.

Do not be misled by our plea for informality. There are times and occasions when a man's family has a right to demand that he dress. There are times when the sack coat or the dinner coat would stamp a man as a boor or a freak. The stand we are taking is against the introduction of formality and the claw-hammer coat at such functions where neighborly feeling and the simpler pleasures prevail. The desire of the unthinking woman to outshine her neighbors is often the cause of the formality and overdressing which are utterly out of place at what was intended to be a quiet informal evening.

The entrance of women into the industrial and professional world will in time help to reduce the claw-hammer coat to its proper place in the social scheme.

WHY MEN DISLIKE TO DRESS UP

The woman who works "down-town" from seven to ten hours a day has discovered that she must cut out many pleasures which involve elaborate toilets. *Her* instinct, like that of the tired business man, is to relax directly she reaches home. If she is indifferent to the comments of her family circle she hangs away her tailored suit, with its starched shirt-waist and collar, and appears at the evening meal clad in frilly negligee or an embroidered Japanese kimono. If she has more will power and strength she takes a quick wash, fluffs her hair, powders her nose and, presto, appears in a soft clinging house frock, collarless of course. *She* knows the joy of flinging aside collar, cuffs and belt precisely as the tired business man does. She sympathizes with him when he argues against some elaborate evening affair and the claw-hammer coat. And, let us hope, when she marries one of his kind, she still sympathizes and spares him the ordeal of dressing for some simple function which he would enjoy mightily if he could just attend in his unhampering sack suit.

CHAPTER XIV

LADIES-IN-WAITING

THE following letter is so illuminating that it is offered without apology for its length.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I am not the sort of woman who discusses her husband's failings with her neighbors, and I do not consider myself a martyr to matrimony. I am a fairly contented wife and mother, but I might be happier if you could advise me aright.

"Here is the situation. I have three little children and only a half-grown girl to help me; so I am tied pretty close to my home. An occasional afternoon at the Woman's Club or the Ladies' Aid or with the children at a moving picture show breaks the round of my household duties. Books and magazines are my real pleasure.

"My husband is part owner of a hardware store and I dare say he works as hard as I do. But in the evening, what a difference between us! Every afternoon I look forward to his return as the reward of my day's work, and every evening I feel the same sense of dis-

appointment. I change my dress, have what I am sure he will like for supper, tuck the babies into bed early and then go out on the porch for an hour's companionship with my husband. But what do I get? An occasional 'Uh-huh' from hehind his paper or around the stem of his pipe.

"I try to start conversation—not gossip, but on the news of the day; on what I read and feel sure he has read; on anything I've heard that I think might interest him. Monosyllables in reply!

"I ask him questions about the day spent downtown. 'Anything interesting happened at the store?' 'No!' 'Any new goods come in?' 'Nothing new!'

"My questions drop further apart. By and by there are no sounds except footfalls outside our fence, the hum of insects, the chirping of crickets. Then suddenly he stands up saying, 'Well, I guess I'll lock up.'

"And another evening has been wasted.

"Yet I know that lying there in the hammock he has been thinking of many interesting things. He plans most of his business moves at home. And it does seem as if he might talk them over with me, for I am intelligent enough to understand and I never talk of my husband's affairs outside.

"But what is hardest to bear is this: when callers come he brightens up, makes himself agreeable and entertains them by telling funny stories about the store and customers—things that I would appreciate much better than any of our neighbors or friends. This is how I know *just how much he could tell me*

when we're alone if he thought it worth while to exert himself for me.

"Once I tried to discuss the question with him. He claimed that he is tired when he gets home, that he wants to be quiet, that home is a place for a man to rest. But it does not seem to tire him to entertain callers. He does not like to go out evenings, but he is always nice to people who call.

"I have thought so much about this. I know my husband loves me in his own way and is good to me in his own way. But I wish it were a different way. I'd like to be as well worth talking to as my neighbors are. I want him to feel that I am as worth entertaining now as I was before he married me. Then he found plenty to talk about.

"This is a long letter. I have been a long time deciding to write it. But my problem is serious. If I were the sort of woman who has many women friends, or if we had the means to be more sociable it would be different. But I must find my happiness in my home, and my husband is the biggest figure in my home. I want to keep in touch with him, with the outside world in which he works, with the affairs of men.

"Sometimes I feel almost ashamed to find that I have stood talking five or ten minutes with the bright young man who delivers our groceries or to some agent trying to sell me a patent stove lifter or book. But I realize that I talk to them because I want to hear about the outside world where my husband works. I get tired of the things women talk about.

"Perhaps other wives feel the same way. Perhaps in

answering my letter you may answer the unwritten letters of other wives. Show us how to keep in touch with our husbands."

It is a letter to make the inconsiderate, unthinking husband blush. And the name of that particular brand of husband is legion. Just because he has provided shelter, food and raiment for the mother of his children he pats himself on the back and proceeds to reward himself with an evening paper and his favorite brand of tobacco!

He even goes further. He thinks how grateful his wife should be that he is not like other men who go to the club or play pool or bowl, spending night after night away from home.

If I could answer this writer to her satisfaction and mine, if I could hand her the key that would unlock the door of confirmed selfishness, as she suggests, I would unquestionably answer by the thousand the unwritten letters of wives. Perhaps you do not believe this statement. Well, suppose you make a tour of your own neighborhood. Peer behind porch vines or between curtains. In nine cases out of ten, on the porch a coatless, perhaps collarless man and a dainty

freshly-gowned woman. The man is smoking and dozing or staring into space. The woman is making pretense of reading or sewing, but she is furtively watching for signs of animation in the man who, if he would, could be the very orbit of her happiness.

Or on the cooler evenings, see the man by the light of the well-filled lamp, buried in the easiest chair with his evening paper and with the wife still in waiting. How many "ladies-in-waiting" there are who never set foot in the palace of happiness which their appointment by marriage promised!

And why?

The question has been answered repeatedly since marriage was ordained, and still the modern man ignores the reply because it suits his selfish convenience to do so.

The man forgets that happiness in marriage for the average modern woman is founded not on shelter, food, raiment, or even luxuries, but on small attentions which the average man withholds because, in his inferior wisdom, he pronounces them "fool notions." A woman revels in the sense of being essential to a man. A man hates to admit that she is essential. A woman

will wear patched shoes and dyed frocks to help her husband succeed in business, provided he confides his every business detail at the end of the day's work. A husband who tells his wife every evening that she is the best little woman in the world (the word "little" is vitally important) and kisses her full on the lips instead of on her hair or the tip of her ear will find her ready to sell grandmother's pearls to save him from bankruptcy.

Making love to his own wife is a splendid investment for a man, materially and sentimentally. Yet men give the best of their energies to supplying creature comforts for their wives and the least of their energies to the more profitable task of love-making.

In common with all men who work—and the idle rich are becoming splendidly fewer and unpopular—I sympathize with the man who sees in his home the haven where he need put forth no further energy, where he may relax and be silent. And I find that the same feeling prevails among wage-earning women. There are times when for business men and women alike, absolute silence and relaxation spell mental and physical salvation, the opportunity to recuperate

force for the morrow's fray. But these occasions are rare, not common. Selfish yielding to the desire to be "let alone," as men express it, becomes a habit.

Yet those of us who study life through unprejudiced eyes and from an impersonal standpoint admit that the men and women who accomplish big things in business are those who rouse themselves from the "after supper" lethargy. They play as lightly and irresponsibly until bed-time as they worked with energy and concentration during the day. The man who never sees beyond his day's work and his method of doing it never rises above it.

Admitting that the conditions described in the above letter exist in the homes of my own friends, even that a few troublesome memories of a personal nature were aroused by certain of its passages, I find it impossible to suggest an infallible remedy. Man's selfishness springs from various sources including heredity, environment and training, and more often from unwise, abnormal, wifely devotion during early years of marriage. To show men the dangers which follow on the trail of indifference and discourtesy is the surest way

to effect a cure. Yet even this method panders to his selfishness, for his conversion becomes a matter of self-protection.

One of the most uncomfortable moments of my life was that in which I congratulated a wife on her husband's winning an important lawsuit. Instantly the words were spoken, I realized that she had not yet heard of his success, and in breaking the news to her I had stabbed her pride and self-respect. She wanted to be the first to hear of her husband's good fortune. No doubt he meant to telephone her, but he forgot. He loves her. He considers her the one splendid woman among women. Yet he has the trick of regarding her principally as the mother of his children. She need not know his business secrets. It is enough that she profits by his success.

But is he right?

No! The modern, broad-minded woman is more interested in ways and means than in profits. She has something of a business head. She could support herself. She has shown her ability to support others dependent upon her. When she marries she wants what

the wages of her hands could not earn—comradeship. To have and to hold this she gives up what might be a brilliant career. She is quite eager to be the mother of his children, but she is not willing to be placed on what might be called the maternal shelf, where mental dry rot will set in. She righteously insists upon keeping in touch, through her husband, with the world where she might have shone. And she can not do this if he buries himself in the evening paper and a cloud of tobacco smoke.

In the old days the neglected wife yearned for a man who "would understand her." To-day she demands what she calls "mental stimulus." Physically, mentally and spiritually men and women were created the complement of each other. Let one of the forces die and the marriage relation suffers, precisely as the human body shrivels when deprived of certain properties in its daily diet.

I do not believe in advising wives to pique the interest of husbands by feigned indifference, or, worse still, by silly flirtations. These plans work out well on the stage—but not in real life. But I am sure that a good remedy for the conditions described in the above

letter is the formation of a national "Entertain-Your-Own-Wife" Association. Ninety men out of a hundred could join it with profit to themselves and with benefit to home life in America.

CHAPTER XV

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

THE setting was the girls' club room of an institutional church.

The audience was made up of eager, ambitious young business women, stenographers, salesgirls, bookkeepers.

The speaker was a woman of twenty years' experience in business who had the courage of her convictions and a deep affection for younger women. Said the speaker at one point:

"I have voted and I have worked at the polls in Colorado. I have worked shoulder to shoulder with men in business and drawn the same salary as some of those men did and more than many of them. In politics and in wage-earning, I have felt myself the equal of men. A wife, a home-maker, a mother, a bread-winner, a voter—and the one phase of life in

which I never attained equality with the man was in my own home. There the man outstripped me. I was not his equal."

A little gasp passed over her audience. The one place where a woman should surely be the superior of the man, the home! The speaker caught the gasp and smiled.

"Ah, but you see before I went into politics, I studied political economy and the local situation. Before I went into business, I took a course of training at the best business college in our city. But before I entered matrimony I took no training at all. I thought intuition, womanliness, natural ability would transform me overnight into a successful wife, home-maker and mother.

"The man I married had been trained to be a bread-winner. I had not been trained to spend his earnings wisely. He knew how to support a family, to provide for the maintenance of his home, life insurance for his family, funds to carry forward his business. I had not been trained to manage a home efficiently. He knew what it would cost to support the children we brought into the world. I did not even know how

to take care of their little bodies, no, nor to prepare my body for my precious duties as a mother.

"Not until death forced me to take my place as bread-winner for my children did I realize that I had not been trained for marriage, that I had been an inefficient wife and mother, that I had not been my husband's equal in that partnership which we call marriage."

Rather plain talk, this, from a successful business woman in an age when women are demanding equality in all relations!

For thousands of years philosophers, poets, sociologists and psychologists have tried to define Love, to analyze the attraction which draws men and women together. And one after the other they have died without proving their theories. In this twentieth century of clear-eyed honest womanhood, however, we are beginning to realize that love and happiness and equality in the home thrive on mutual efficiency, efficiency in the husband as the producer, and efficiency in the wife as the expender and manager. Gradually we are emerging from the era of "born home-makers" and "born mothers" and entering into that of home-

makers and mothers equipped and trained for their profession.

Now there was Bill Moore, a promising young lawyer. He had worked his way through college. He had learned to lay aside part of his income and to spend the rest wisely. Through a building and loan association he was paying for a home. He knew to the penny what it would cost to support that home and the wife he intended to establish therein. Moreover, he intended to be a father and he knew what it would cost to support children, yes, and even how much life insurance he must leave wife and children if he were overtaken by death.

He was in love with Ruth, a girl of good if not wealthy family, blessed with good health, alluring eyes and a rose-petal complexion. And so they were married.

What preparation had Ruth been given for her new profession?

She knew how to make herself attractive in her husband's eyes, what colors were most becoming to her, how to set out a cold supper the night the maid went out, how to fix flowers and how to hemstitch towels.

Bill had seen her serve many a Sunday night supper. He did not dream that she could not cook the food nor tell what the supper had cost. He did not dream that her mother planned her clothes and had old materials dyed, laces freshened. Ruth did not know how to keep accounts or handle a bank book or write a check. She did not know how to guard her health as a wife. From the birth of their first baby her beauty failed and she became a semi-invalid. There was no peace or quiet in the home for Bill, because she did not know how to care for their baby. The baby had a right to cry. Its mother was inefficient.

And yet to the day she died Ruth always felt that she had done Bill a favor in marrying him. She never realized that he had done his part and that she had failed.

There can be no happiness in failure, whether you work in an office or preside over your own home. There can be no equality in the home unless the wife is as efficient in her line as the husband is in his.

A man knows that each department of his business has its demands which must be met. The woman's ultimate profession, marriage, may be divided into

three distinct departments, each of which must be efficiently handled or directed: home economics, household administration, the rearing of children. If the man is trained to make money, to administer his business, to support his home, why should not the woman be trained to spend the money thus earned, to administer the home which he supports, to rear the children they bring into the world?

We view with contempt the man who does not support his family. Why, in this age of equality between men and women, should we respect the wife who misuses his money, abuses his home, and is ignorant of the simplest laws of hygiene and sanitation by which his children should be reared?

The time when a woman does a favor in marrying a man, when she is utterly incompetent to do her part in the partnership of homemaking and parenthood is past. Equality is a matter of give and take, fairly, honestly, not a favor on either side.

Women have tested equality and efficiency in business and they like it. They have found that the moment they do their work as well as the men at the next desk, the next counter, the next machine, they

are paid as much as the men. Many of them have learned that if they do better work than the men, they will be paid more. They have found that there are inefficient men as well as inefficient women, and that recompense is not a matter of sex but of results turned in to employers.

Thousands of women in this country have voted. They have learned that they are quite as capable of understanding political issues as men, quite as competent to mark ballots, quite as competent to fight graft and bossism, and all this without neglecting their work or their children.

Their final lesson is that of equality and efficiency in the home. The average woman who has tasted economic and political equality is beginning to realize that she and her sisters should also attain equality in the home. Not legal equality in controlling her own earnings if she has any, her inheritance, and her children, but equality in efficiency, whether that consists of directing servants or performing her own household duties, of supervising the trained nurse who cares for her child or caring for that child herself.

These are the women who will bring up a new line

of daughters who in their turn will realize true equality in the home, the respect of their husbands and their children, and their self-respect, growing out of efficiency.

Marriage is no longer a profession for women in which all other interests die and woman is the toy and slave of her husband, dependent upon his whims and his generosity. Woman has attained that position for which she has yearned, equality—if she can realize it through efficiency. She is her husband's partner if she knows how to spend his earnings, manage his home, rear his children—his partner financially, mentally and spiritually. But having made this demand and having brought man to realize her right to such a position in his life, she must do her part by preparing herself to be an efficient partner. Then there is no talk of marriage conferring a favor on either side.

And no woman who is unprepared for her work can be efficient.

Not long ago I was visiting in a family where the baby was subject to colds. There had been much talk about inheritance, much complaint about doctor's

bills, much loss of sleep for both parents, when suddenly a throat specialist distantly related to the mother dropped into town and during his visit suggested that the baby might have adenoids. And adenoids it had had, practically since birth. All the colds could be traced to these diseased spots. The baby was dull, mentally backward, and quite deaf in one ear.

The adenoids had been removed and the baby was recuperating when the father suddenly voiced his sense of injustice to his wife: "Why didn't you know that Fred had adenoids in his throat? Why didn't you know that there was something really wrong with him? You kept saying he was a delicate baby, why didn't you find out why he was delicate? It's your business to know what condition that boy is in."

"Why shouldn't the father know this, too?" demand some of our readers.

Because it was not his business. He works ten hours a day in a great electrical plant, improving the equipment, increasing his own earning capacity through efficiency. His daylight hours belong to his employer. He sees his child a few minutes before breakfast and

a few more minutes before the baby retires in the evening. On Sundays he had listened mainly to his wife's anxieties about the child. And many nights he had walked the floor with that baby and wondered how he and his wife, two perfectly healthy individuals, had brought a weakling into the world.

We are outgrowing two platitudes, "maternal instinct" and "mother-love." We are learning that neither is effective without training and efficiency.

At a recent dinner, a progressive woman was talking on the importance of training for motherhood, when her neighbor sneered: "My mother raised seven children without the help of any book or half-baked school-teacher. I'm against these fads in raising girls. You don't have to tell born mothers what to do."

By the grace of God, almost any one can rear a baby. The test is to rear it properly, to give the country a healthy, normal, desirable citizen. And to accomplish this, the average woman must be trained for her task. She must know how to take care of her own body in preparation for motherhood and to care for that exquisitely delicate bit of mechanism entrusted to her care—her new-born baby.

Mother-love is a wonderful power for good, but unbalanced by preparation or efficiency it can not work miracles. It glorifies the home, renders sacrifice a joy, but it does not save lives nor cut down the cost of living.

We do not have born stenographers, born saleswomen, born artists, born writers. Then why should we expect women to succeed in that most exacting of professions, wifehood and motherhood, without any training? Why should we expect a girl of twenty or more, facing marriage, to secure her knowledge by merely observing the successes and failures of her relatives and neighbors? Why should we demand efficient motherhood without proper training? We claim that this is a practical age for women. Then why not practical preparation for wifehood and motherhood?

Mingling in business with men is teaching our young women something of the work which men must do to support a family. It is teaching them more of the masculine nature. It is making women more reasonable with husbands. Wage-earning is teaching women the value of a dollar and how to make it go the furthest.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

We are rapidly emerging from that dark age of social relations in which a mother is ashamed to talk to her daughter or to ask her family physician to explain to this prospective wife and mother the mystery of life, the reproduction of the human race. We no longer indulge in the barbarity of decking our daughters in glistening raiment and then sending them forth unarmed into the bewildering field of wifehood.

Efficiency and self-denial are two distinct qualifications in a woman and we are teaching our girls this fact. Girls are beginning to understand that if they are efficient they will not have to be self-sacrificing.

And as one by one the daughters of to-day are led skilfully and delicately through a knowledge of the human relations into the surer, firmer ground of honest, fair preparation for wifehood and motherhood, training in home economics, household administration and the intelligent care and feeding of infants, they come more closely to the realization of that wonderful ideal—equality in the home.

CHAPTER XVI

PAY CASH—AND BE HAPPY

WHAT we *own* means happiness. What we *owe* means misery.

Twenty per cent. of the increased cost of living during the past twenty years can be traced to the credit system. Fifty per cent. of the divorces can be traced to extravagance and debt on the part of either husband or wife. Ninety per cent. of the marital unhappiness can be traced to dissensions over financial matters.

The first percentage was furnished by a provision dealer who has been in the business forty years; the second by a judge who has heard thousands of divorce cases; the third by an observing probation officer in the Court of Domestic Relations of New York City. And the cure for all three evils, so these authorities claim, is the perfect understanding and thorough appreciation of a dollar's purchasing value on the part

of *both husband and wife.* These can be secured only by handling cash, paying cash and carefully watching each cash transaction. The man or woman who, when paid at the end of the week, the month or the quarter, exchanges the contents of his or her pay envelope for a stack of receipted bills is the individual who complains that he does not know what becomes of his earnings.

This chapter is not a plea for penuriousness, but a direct straight-from-the-shoulder blow at the "charge account" system in all its enticing and dissension provoking forms. The habit of having things charged, of saying, "I can pay next week, next month, next year, what I can not pay to-day," piles up debt and breeds wrinkles. More cases of insomnia can be traced to debt than to overwork. The shadow of the man who holds a mortgage or a note that is overdue, or the collector for the piano or the green plush parlor suite, or the milliners and modistes clamoring for money due on feminine finery long since worn out, has driven more men to suicide than hard times or bank crashes.

In this twentieth century it is the *waste* of money, not the *love* of it, which is the root of all evil, par-

ticularly domestic evils. More men—and women—commit crime because they *lack* money to pay for what they have already eaten or worn out, than because they *desire* to acquire and hoard money. In the average home or with the average individual, hoarding money has gone out of fashion because it is spent before it really comes in. This is particularly true of salaried persons, high-salaried, medium-salaried, minimum-salaried. The only difference between the three classes lies in the amount of credit extended from one salary day to the next.

"But," protests the wife of a railway conductor living in division headquarters, "we run only a few small accounts—the grocer, the butcher, the milkman, and, oh, yes, the iceman and the oil man. It's such a nuisance to wait for change, and they really prefer us to run a bill. You see, they are sure of their money on the eleventh, Tom's pay-day."

Yes, and sure of about twenty per cent. more of Tom's money than if you paid cash, dear lady. Part of this twenty per cent. goes into the cost of keeping books, part to balance the bad accounts, bills that some of your neighbors *do not pay*, and part

into careless marketing and shopping on your part. You pay the price asked at the store where you run an account. If you were marketing or shopping with cash, you would take time and trouble to find out whose prices were the lower, Smith's or Brown's. The actual physical handing over of a dollar bill breeds a caution which soon dies at the magic words, "Charge that, please."

A moment while we consider where Tom's pay is distributed.

First, either the railway company or Tom deducts the small amount due the beneficiary society or the life insurance company. Then comes the payment and the interest on the house you have bought or rent. The grocer, the butcher, the milkman, the baker, the iceman, the oil man and the gas or electric light company get their share. The small amount left over, all you have with which to meet emergencies that have arisen *during the past month*, dismays you. There's the doctor. He can wait another month. The dressmaker must be paid. Otherwise she will talk to her customers about you. Tom bought a new uniform the middle of the month. The tailor must have a small

payment on account. Yes, and Jack's shoes were mended in haste to be paid for at leisure. Gracious, the druggist! You sent for flaxseed and mustard plasters the night Tom came home coughing—and there was no change in the house.

Well, it's over—a little paid here, a little there—and Tom is given enough change to buy his meals while on the road, an occasional cigar, etc. But Molly did not get the school coat she needed nor you the hat. With a feeling of resentment against life in general and the high cost of living in particular you go downtown and look at outer raiment for women and girls. You are telling the saleswoman that you like this coat or that hat, but you can't buy it to-day. Perhaps next pay-day— Just at this moment appears the proprietor and hears what you say.

"Why wait, Mrs. Tom?" he asks. "Your husband's credit is good here. Take the things home and pay next month."

You send the articles home and you wear them—but how will you pay for them next month? Will Tom's envelope contain any more money on the eleventh of next month? Will you dare to let his life insurance

lapse? Will your rent be any less? Will your grocery bill decrease? Will you still ask the doctor to wait? Will not Tom's tailor expect another payment on the uniform?

By what miracle do you expect the fixed amount of Tom's salary to go further next month than it did this? It will not stretch a penny. There's a hideous inelasticity about a fixed salary. So you will not pay for the coat and hat. You will simply divide the pay envelope into smaller portions and satisfy a larger number of creditors. And you and Tom will go on and on, accumulating small debts from one end of the town to the other, looking forward to pay-day with dread, and usually quarreling over the money that was spent before it was earned.

By and by the effort to please your growing list of creditors and the lack of change in your purse when a small emergency arises get on your nerves. You begin to find fault with Tom for not earning more money, and he with you for not knowing how to run the house within his earnings. And you have taken the first step toward the divorce court, or you settle down to a wretched existence of counter-recriminations.

Pay cash and retain your wife's love, Mr. Tom. Pay cash and retain your husband's respect, Mrs. Tom. And begin at once, even if beginning means for the time being a diet of rice, beans and dried apples.

Why?

Well, once there was a Mr. Tom who as a bachelor had always paid cash and lived within his wages. He and Mrs. Tom started out to pay cash, but Mr. Tom began to look shabby. His heavy overcoat was frayed on the edges, shiny at the seams. They lived in a small inland city, where tradespeople and customers were on friendly terms. The tailor from whom Mr. Tom had always bought his clothes remarked that Mr. Tom needed a new overcoat. Mr. Tom explained that he didn't have the money to buy one. The tailor replied that he didn't mind waiting. He disliked to see an old customer looking so shabby. It was a poor advertisement. It was bad for Mr. Tom's business, too—looked as if he wasn't doing very well at the office.

Mr. Tom ordered the new coat. That was the beginning. Mrs. Tom was most certainly entitled to a new dress to match the overcoat. They began to di-

vide Mr. Tom's earnings among many creditors, and did not realize how much debt they were accumulating until Mr. Tom was offered a partnership with a prosperous law firm in a distant city. Tom as a fellow citizen with a growing practise was a desirable credit customer; but the minute he started to leave his home town, tradespeople wanted their money at once. And Mr. Tom had to raise it by borrowing funds from one of his wife's wealthy relatives.

In the larger city they started by paying cash and figuring closely in order to pay back the money they borrowed. They acquired the very excellent habit. They are still paying cash and putting the balance into safe investments. Perhaps it was a good thing they left their home town. Otherwise they might have sacrificed their married happiness on the sordid altar of the credit system.

The Mr. Toms and the Mrs. Toms are not wholly to blame. The tradesman urges them on. He does this for two reasons. First, the charge customer is apt to be a permanent customer, and when on salary with a good firm or corporation, a safe customer. Second, the charge customer is never so close or so fussy

a buyer, and is reasonably sure of buying more than he who pays cash. How the funds are raised to meet these bills is of no concern to the merchant. He does not have to worry about this.

The credit system with reputable dealers is expensive enough. The dealings with unscrupulous instalment houses represent plain unvarnished robbery. The instalment house loses a great deal of money in the lapsing of small accounts. Furniture, fittings and clothing practically worn out have no value to the dealer. When the last few payments are not made, he does not want the goods back; neither does it pay him to sue for so small an amount. These lapsed accounts are never collected. They are tacked on to the price of goods throughout the store. Each buyer pays his or her share of the increased prices due to these bad accounts.

A bride with a couple of wedding-gift checks recently started out to furnish her home. The checks would pay the first instalment on a completely furnished flat and leave her a small balance. But fortunately she did not like the rug the salesman urged on her for the living-room. It was priced at twenty-

eight dollars. She suspended the deal while she visited stores where goods were sold for cash. She found the same rug offered at these stores for nineteen dollars and fifty cents. The difference between twenty-eight dollars and nineteen dollars and fifty cents she suddenly realized represented the high price she was paying for furnishing her house complete on the instalment plan. In looking around the girl found that there was the same difference in prices for everything else she had been planning to buy.

She stopped short and changed all her plans. Making out a list of essentials she bought these for cash, found she had a little left over for touches of luxury and has been adding one article on each of her husband's salary days. The result is a home over which the shadow of the collector never hovers. The joy of gradual accumulation is worth cultivating. There is no joy in the possession of articles over which any firm or individual carries a chattel mortgage.

A man works hard to provide and maintain a home. The woman works hard to make that home habitable and attractive. Neither has pleasure in the home so hardly acquired when Debt is seated between them.

Pride in that home often leads the couple to spend more than the man earns, and that pride leads to the destruction of married happiness. Without happiness, the most beautiful home becomes a whited sepulchre in which Love lies dead.

A litter of purple and fine linen, of rugs and electroliers, of table luxuries, balanced against the joy of living, the dream of youth and Love! Which will bring you the greater happiness? Think it over. Then pay cash and be happy.

CHAPTER XVII

DO YOU KNOW YOUR OWN CHILDREN?

BEING a parent is one of to-day's big hard jobs. In your grandfather's day, parenthood was a natural and comparatively simple step in a man's life. Twentieth-century parents find that they have assumed an appalling burden. The increasing responsibility and anxiety are due to changes which have overtaken us—economic, domestic and social changes.

Being a father is complicated by the general trend of business, particularly the demand for young and vigorous blood at just the time when the middle-aged worker has a growing family on his hands. Being a mother means struggling under the increased cost of living, and the larger heavier demands made in the name of her children. It ends in mother's planning, scheming and executing in the home with all the fierce absorbed intensity which father employs to hold his own in business.

Result—neither has time to become acquainted with the children.

Lodging, food, clothing, education and social connections are supplied at the cost of true American home life. Family unity, sympathy and mutual interests are sacrificed to success. Members of families have no time to get acquainted. Educational, commercial and social interests pull them apart. From the time he enters the kindergarten to the day he is rated high in *Bradstreet's* or counted among "our prominent citizens," the modern chap is busy "making good." His sisters are keeping pace *with* him, if not actually setting a pace *for* him. In this day of individual achievement, family pride is keen; but family affection languishes. It sometimes takes a family tragedy to bring its members close together—and even then the effect may not be permanent.

An illustration!

While visiting old friends in a college city of perhaps seventy or eighty thousand souls, I accompanied my hosts and their daughter, a charming young

woman of twenty-three, to the local theater. After the play, to my surprise, instead of going home, we entered a gaily lighted, crowded restaurant, which, with its white and gold fittings, gleaming mirrors and colored quartet, was an extremely good imitation of the popular New York café.

Half-way through supper my host started and exclaimed: "Why, there's Fred!"

We all followed his glance and saw the only son of the family, a sophomore student, seated at a distant table with a pretty, but rather vivid-looking girl.

"I didn't know he was going to the theater tonight," commented the mother. "Who is the girl with him, Elsie?"

The boy's sister shook her head.

"I guess she's a new one. Never saw her before."

Her father frowned.

"Well, you ought to know your brother's friends. He's younger than you. When I was a boy, my sisters knew everybody that I knew. I don't like that girl's looks."

Mother tactfully changed the subject; but her

gaze wandered back to her boy and his dazzling companion, as if something had set her to thinking rather seriously.

By and by the boy caught her eye, and, excusing himself to his guest, hurried over to speak to us.

His father interrupted his greetings curtly.

"Who is your girl friend? I don't recall ever having met her at our house."

"You haven't. She's Miss Maxwell, sister of our new psychology prof. Been studying art in Paris two years. Awfully jolly girl. You'd like her, Elsie, if you'd just go and call on her."

"That girl is five years older than Fred, if she's a day. Get acquainted with her," said Father to Mother, after the boy had gone.

"Yes, dear. Either Elsie or I will call some day next week."

But somehow I felt that it would end right there, with a formal call. Whatever the newcomer's influence on that boy's life, his family would never find time to get acquainted with her—unless the two young people suddenly eloped and then returned to a family resigned to "make the best of it."

Why?

Well, you see Mother is trying to run a ten-room house on a modern scale, with the help of one servant, Elsie and two other daughters still in their teens. In order to insure her children the right social connections, she is progressive. She takes part in civic movements, which include mass and committee meetings and social investigations. She embroiders fine raiment for her children because she can not afford the imported wares. She must keep up on current literature or be pronounced behind the times. She must be well groomed, trim and well dressed, or her husband and children will think her dowdy. Life is no joyous vacation for Mother.

On their side, her children are just as engrossed in their own affairs. Fred has his college, with lectures, recitations, class societies, athletics, and girl friends of his classmates to entertain. He eats breakfast with his eye glued to a text-book or note-book. He has lunch at the "frat house." He is invited out to dinner three nights in the week. On Sunday he pays calls. Elsie is studying music with a view to teaching. She takes three lessons a week, and gives one

to beginners every day. She belongs to the Monday Musical Club and directs the children's choir. She must read works on music and attend recitals. Her friends are in the musical set. Sometimes—not often—she meets some one who knows her brother or her mother. The two younger daughters—one studying art, the other hoping to specialize in domestic science—have centered their interest in the schoolroom and in their school societies.

And Father?

Oh, all he does is to keep a huge law practise moving; making seven or eight trips to Washington each year; acts as trustee for the families of late lamented clients; serves as vestryman in the church to whose members he looks for considerable patronage, and acts as officer in the Masonic lodge which is a great political power in that district. And all this as a means to one end—raising the funds with which to educate his four children on entirely different lines. And he is too busy, too driven, too harassed to see that his growing income serves to disintegrate his family.

This is a fair example of life in the average American home where sons and daughters are being pre-

pared for different careers or trades. It shows one price we are paying for the woman's invasion of business and professional fields. Sisters as well as mothers used to hold the home together by making parlors and porches attractive to brothers and their friends.

That most wonderful of home classics, *Little Women*, has been dramatized. In Detroit, two stenographers from middle-class families went to see it. After the performance they stopped in the lobby to discuss the play with a friend.

"Wasn't it a lovely little play?" asked the girl who works for a lawyer.

"Yes," replied the other girl. "The Marches were terribly old-fashioned; but it was all so sweet, the way they clung to each other, as if the rest of the world didn't matter much. Families used to be like that —so chummy."

"That was before we lived in flats," commented the lawyer's clerk a trifle bitterly. "And when girls did not work eight hours a day in some stuffy office until they forgot they had any family."

She was wrong. Some women still make flats bloom

into real homes. Both Jo and Meg worked for their living—one as a governess, the other as companion to a faultfinding invalid. But a wise tender mother and a devoted, unselfish, younger sister drew them home after the day's work and made them think that there was no resting place so inviting, no pleasure so diverting, as that to be found in the glow of their own fireside. The March girls knew one another. That is why Louisa M. Alcott's book pictures the golden age of American home life.

In the modern home, boys and giris are so busy skipping grades; working after school hours; studying for this, that and the other thing, and "getting there," that they have no time to find out what other members of the family are doing. Nor do they really care. Perhaps sometime after they have graduated or are making money, they'll pay off the mortgage, help Mother and Father and enjoy the old home. But by that time, too often, they have learned not to care. They drift so far apart in the process of "arriving" that they never get together again.

Not long ago one of four sisters lost her husband, who had been a devoted partner. He left her child-

less and horribly lonely. Naturally she turned to her sisters.

One had married a struggling artist. They lived in a studio. She was afraid "dear Nellie" would not enjoy the atmosphere. Why didn't Nellie go in for some sort of career? It would prove an antidote.

Sister No. 2 offered "dear Nellie" a beautifully furnished room in her well-appointed home; but of course Nellie must understand that they were a busy family. Janet was about to be married. Her trousseau was under way. Caroline was engrossed in cultivating her voice. Now if "dear Nellie" would go in for settlement work or something of that sort, she would find occupation.

Occupation! Always occupation!

Not one of these absorbed ambitious mothers realized that what their young widowed sister needed and wanted was sympathy, interest and affection. In discussing the situation, the widow said with pathetic resignation that they had grown apart; that she had been as absorbed in her husband as they in theirs.

But even she was wrong. They had not grown apart with advancing years. They had never really

grown together, these four sisters. They had been brought up to think each of her individual interests, her individual pleasures, her individual future.

The cure for this growing national evil?

A little leisure and a little love in the nursery, the living-room and the parlor. On the part of parents a little less emphasis on the importance of "succeeding"; a little less cultivation of the brain and the commercial instinct, and a little more encouragement of loving understanding among children. A little less individuality and a great deal more of mutual interest and dependence. Perhaps even fewer "advantages" and more evenings round the family fireside—if there is one. If not, try a library table with books and games.

No, on second thought, don't wait for firelight and cozy winter evenings. To-day holds the appointed hour for sowing seeds of love and family affection! Plan your vacation so that your children will be together, dependent upon one another and on you for diversion, pleasure and happiness. Bring about a few family introductions. You won't know how badly

your children need this process of getting acquainted until you see them first shy, then dependent and finally contented together. It's a miracle worth bringing about!

CHAPTER XVIII

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

WHAT is Feminism?

Broadly speaking it champions the woman's right to work, according to her qualifications and at wages to which she is justly entitled. It endorses her demand for the ballot with which to regulate the conditions under which she works in the industrial field, or makes a home for herself and her family. It supports her right to self-expression, to an individual life. It advocates consistently and earnestly a single standard of morality for men and women.

But it does not stand for any argument, any movement, scattered or organized, which will bring about sex antagonism and thereby jeopardize the greatest of American institutions—the Home. Feminism, or if you prefer, progress for women, stands for equality not antagonism between men and women. The right

to vote is only one phase of a many-sided movement. The ballot represents political equality only. There is a broader equality typified by clean, wholesome comradeship between men and women engaged in the trades and professions, between husbands and wives. It means the same honest, clean-cut understanding between *man and woman* which exists to-day and has existed for years between *man and man.*

Women can not lift themselves up socially and politically by tearing down men. Men must not be misrepresented that women may wear halos. Sex-equality must grow out of mutual progress, mutual sympathy and understanding, not from the degradation of men that women may shine more brilliantly. A sensational, hysterical propaganda which creates antagonism will never bring about sex-equality.

In the days of knighthood every woman saw Love riding a fiery steed and carrying a guidon. Women and maidens flung them roses. During our own Civil War Love wore a blue or a gray uniform. Romance reached its climax in being wife or sweetheart of a soldier. To-day, with red light novels and white slave dramas inflaming the minds and imaginations of good

women against men, there is a dearth of romance and an overproduction of sex-antagonism and fear.

"All men are vile," cry the hysterical misrepresentatives of the higher feminism. "Beware of the men with whom you work. Beware the man who gives you his seat in the trolley car or who stands next you on the curbing awaiting the coming of a car. Beware of the man who sits next you in the theater, or who picks up the parcel you drop on the street. Beware —beware!"

What is the result?

Discourtesy on the part of men, growing distrust on the part of women.

Take a single instance in the business world. A man whose big interests are centered in business success and whose social life is devoted to a wife and children, is a large employer of women. This man recently had the mahogany partitions of his handsomely equipped office torn out and replaced with wood and clear glass so that everything happening in his office could be seen by those working beyond its doors. This step was necessary because of several attempts, innocent or otherwise, made by women to compromise

him. All of which inspired the office gossips to unheard-of extremes. A sorry state of affairs, is it not, when men have to be afraid of women—and yet every large employer of women knows it to be true.

A young woman in a theater, watching a morbid play, is attacked with hysteria or autotoxication. She has the alternation of chills and temperature which often accompanies violent emotions of any sort, and there is started the tale of a poisoned needle, a hypodermic injection administered by a man who happens to be sitting in the next seat or in the same box. To be sure, on investigation, the injection proves nothing more than a pin-prick. Under ordinary treatment for hysteria the patient's temperature becomes normal. The accused man is set free. But in the meantime the story has reached the office of every sensational journal and is being printed with more or less attractive pictures of the "victim." Equally sensational and unthinking speakers have seized upon it as a choice morsel to spring at the evening meeting for discussion of degeneracy of the male creature! What follows?

Emotional women and girls, who read the papers

and hear the speeches imagine a hypodermic hidden in the fist of every man who has been unfortunate enough to buy an adjoining seat in the theater or lurch against them in a swaying car. "The poison needle," first step in an abduction case, becomes the fear of the moment. Yet in not a single case of those brought to trial in New York City could the woman or girl prove her case against the man.

The police records of our larger cities show that in fully half the cases in which women accuse men of vile intentions, the man could prove a good character but the woman could not. Any lawyer will tell you that most of the sensational charges are brought by women and girls who actually court notoriety. Yet these are the women whose stories inflame the minds of good women against clean men!

A woman who has been reporter and special writer for large morning papers in various large cities, recently said: "My career started when I was young and blessed with the good looks and physical attractions of the average well-born and well-raised American girl. My work carried me into the private offices of important men and into the dives of the submerged

tenth at all hours and in many difficult situations. In all these years, no sober man has ever insulted me, ever offered me the slightest attention which could be interpreted into the vile plans credited so commonly to men to-day. These men often refused the request I made, the information I asked. They were brusk or surly, according to their social status, but they were never bestial. They may have resented my profession or my mission, but they respected my womanhood."

Bear in mind that we are discussing not those rare cases, the men who kidnap little children, who murder for loot or lust and who thrive on the blood and souls of women, but the masses of American men, the sort of men whom decent self-respecting girls of various social positions and incomes would consider as husbands. This is a plea for *average* men, not for brutes, because it is the average man, the honest decent man who suffers most in the campaign of sex-antagonism.

The more serious charge brought against the masses of American men is that of unfitness for marriage and fatherhood. Girls are warned by the extremists that

the social code has permitted men to indulge in vices which have polluted the entire sex, and spread a hideous snare in the pathway of those young women who believe that in wifehood and motherhood lies the highest mission of their sex. These writers and speakers quote "statistics" gathered by army and navy surgeons, and by social workers engaged in especially congested and depraved districts, to prove the unfitness of the *average man* for marriage. Basing their statements on statistics gathered in this way, the extremists claim that more than sixty-five per cent. of our American men are physically unfit to marry.

Does this sound reasonable?

Make a personal survey of your town, of your block, of your circle of acquaintances. This statement means that seven out of every ten husbands whom you know are unfit to be fathers. It can not be true. You know it is not true.

Children may come to these parents physically defective by inheritance, but not from social sin. All deafness, all blindness, all diseases of the skin, the bone, the blood are not the result of offenses against

society. Some of them even spring from so small a beginning as indigestion, malnutrition, anemia.

The third and most pathetic condition which has resulted from this agitation is the growing idea among wives that no man is above suspicion. As a result a woman who has no ground for her suspicions, listening to the raving of an extremist loses all her sense of marital balance, all faith in the man who up to this hour has been her respected and respecting partner in the home.

Some of these pitiful little tragedies never reach the public eye. Again, they furnish a sensational news item. Here is one of them:

A young man living in a suburb of New York was detained at business one Saturday night later than usual. He reached home nervous and tired from long hours at his desk. His wife, her mind poisoned by the doctrines of extremists, questioned him about his every move. The young husband stood on his dignity and refused an accounting of time spent in earning money for the support of their home. The wife fretted over it for two days and then committed sui-

cide, leaving a note that will shadow the young husband's entire life.

A young couple appeared in a court of domestic relations. The wife was demanding separate maintenance. Another case of business absorption on the part of the husband, wrestling with the problem of increased cost of living and suspicion on the part of the wife. She had returned to her mother, who had fostered the suspicion.

In neither case did the wife have evidence, nor did she seek to establish her charges. She became morbid on suspicions, fed by the doctrine of innate, ingrained masculine wickedness, exploited by misrepresentatives of feminism.

To-day too many wives are looking for evil in their husbands and too many men are on the defensive, a state of affairs which will never result in sex-equality.

In this connection it is well to remember that we have not yet developed financial or economic equality in the home. The average woman is still dependent upon the man who loves her and spends the major portion of his earnings adorning her person and pursuing her pleasure. It ill becomes such women to besmirch

the hands that feed and clothe them. It shows not progress but ingratitude.

Saddest of all, these dear women make statements which arouse the amused if not ribald comment of the public.

"Why should there be a Fathers' Day as well as a Mothers' Day for special observance?" hysterically demands one woman's club. "Fathers taken as a class do not stand on the same level as mothers. Fathers are very defective."

"Defective," yes, but still willing to support clubs at which such silly theories are advanced!

Women demand that the word "obey" be stricken from the marriage ceremony. Good! Let us have the letter of sex-equality even in our institutions and ceremonies. But let us also have the spirit, mental equality and dignity in the discussion of our family and social relations. With knowledge of men and life and social relations, women seem to have developed an overweening sense of superiority that is slaying the very ideals toward which they think they are traveling —equality in marriage, in toil, in politics, in social relations. Marriage is partnership, not slavery.

What we most need is mutual respect between men and women, the highest grade of companionship and not contempt on either side.

The men you and I know are fairly representative of decent men the country over. They see marriage as the average man sees it, the rounding out of his life in the privilege of parenthood. And, even if in their past life exist pages which they would gladly expunge if they could, these men rise from regrets to high resolves, they mean to do the right thing by the women they marry, by the children they bring into the world. They deserve the opportunity to achieve this high purpose. But neither the man whose past is without stain nor the man who has turned over a clean page, can withstand the battery of unjust suspicion and the assaults from the hidden battery of extremists ambushed behind the sacred words *home and wife*.

As a wife thinketh, so will a husband become if the poison is unwisely injected into his better nature. Give a man a chance to be decent and he will generally prove worthy. Don't judge your husband by your neighbor's. You are not in your neighbor's home when the curtains are drawn.

CHAPTER XIX

A LITTLE TALK ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

A PROMINENT divorce lawyer, while talking on the very appropriate topic of unhappy marriages, said with conviction:

"Do you know the real cause of marital unrest in this country? Marrying for love! As a nation we pride ourselves that we marry for love or remain single. We scorn the marriage of convenience, the 'dot,' the businesslike relations of husband and wife abroad, yet the weakness of our marriage system lies in this very factor to which we point with pride—the love-match.

"Married life built on love alone has a poor foundation. Built on friendship, it is firm as the pyramids of Egypt. Nothing can shake it or sway it. Love is selfish. Friendship is unselfish. Love, as we idealize it in America, is mainly a physical attraction, which

may or may not fade with years. Friendship is the welding of two sympathetic souls, and will survive poverty or opulence.

"In this land of vaunted love-matches, one in every twelve couples finds the way to the divorce court. One more couple of the twelve has a legal separation. Two more of the twelve live apart by mutual consent, and figuring on our office records, I would say that still another couple of the dozen are mentally and spiritually divorced, though for family, social or business reasons, they continue to live under the same roof.

"In other words, five marriages out of every twelve are failures, seven are successes. The five fail because they were built on love which will not stand the test of every-day life. The seven succeed because they were founded on friendship or the love that developed into friendship. The stronger the percentage of friendship, the happier the marriage."

I felt like laughing at the man. I said to myself: "A divorce lawyer; he sees only the dark side of the picture." But my thoughts reverted to that word "friendship," and we parted with his phrases sticking in my memory.

Divorce is his specialty, and he has not attained his present prominence without mastering every detail of his specialty. Nor does he always lead his clients to the door of the divorce court. Many a would-be divorcée fails to gain her desire through his offices as a lawyer. But whether the case reaches the courts or is settled between husband and wife, *this lawyer hears the details of their domestic differences first and knows the real cause of their unhappiness.* It is with this cause that we want to deal, not with the divorce statistics which he offers. The statistics may or may not be correct, but his conclusion that unhappiness in marriage is due to a lack of strong true friendship between husband and wife is worth considering, not only by middle-aged folk who are wondering why all their illusions are fading, but by those approaching marriage with the belief that love is all-sufficient and will brighten rather than fade under the strain of daily companionship.

"But I want Dick to remain my lover, not drop back into the position of a friend," exclaims the starry-eyed girl who is setting fine stitches in her bridal lingerie. "I want the real lover-husband."

Very well then, start by making him your friend, and you will have all three, husband, lover and friend, but the firmest of these to lean upon will be the friend. To-day the coming of Dick is an event, however often he may come. By and by he will be with you all the time. His presence will be one of the matter-of-course things. To-night you and Dick will find ecstasy in planning where the music cabinet shall stand in your little parlor-to-be. By and by Dick will have to earn money to buy more important furnishings than inlaid cabinets, and he will not care much where you place them.

To-day every new frock you display fills Dick's heart with joy. It is part of that mysterious *trousseau* which will come along with his bride. Such sentiment will hardly invest the gown which you purchase by and by at a Monday morning bargain sale. Dick will consider the acquisition of a new gown on your part no more important than the purchase of supplies for his clerical department.

Then when you find that Dick does not care how you arrange the furniture, provided he can find his way to bed in the dark and does not stumble over mis-

placed chairs; that he will pat you on the shoulder perfunctorily and say "umph" when you flaunt a new frock, and is perfectly willing to let you entertain and have feminine interests in which he plays no part, you will decide that Dick no longer loves you.

Why?

Because your love fed on his admiration. You forgot to make him a friend first, a fiancé later.

But if you and Dick start out by having interests in common, whether these run to books, to sports, to music or to study, your happiness as a wife will not depend upon his appreciation of the way you curl your hair, or arrange the bric-à-brac, or entertain your neighbors. You will not waste your evenings by retailing your petty domestic annoyances any more than he brings home the "shop talk" which he is glad to lock in his desk. You will have so many real things to talk about, such a craving for sincere companionship, that his home-coming will never fail to be the crowning of the day for both of you.

Perhaps Dick has a fad, photography. Do not regard that fad with a more or less bored feeling. Consider it his privilege, even a good point in his

make-up. The man with a wholesome fad that takes him outdoors is, generally speaking, a clean-souled wholesome creature. Do not say to yourself: "Oh, I'll cure him of that fad when we marry. Photography is such a waste of money."

Be careful! You are close to a reef that will wreck the friendship which would make for your married happiness. Dick will not ask you to give up embroidery because silks and needles cost money, nor your playing or singing because new music comes high. You can afford to interest yourself in this fad if only to lay the foundations of friendship.

Friendship in marriage is founded on understanding, sympathy and tolerance, which three graces seldom unite in mere love. A husband comes home after his day at office or store, where he has had not a moment to himself. He turns a covetous glance upon the library table with its carefully arranged books and magazines. His wife wants him to talk and to hear her talk, even as he yearns for a quiet evening. She wants to know what has happened at the store and he wants to forget it. She wants to tell him what happened at the bridge club that afternoon. He doesn't

care. She calls him a churl, and he tells her that he will have a phonograph in the office to make a record of all that happens and turn it loose for her benefit every evening. It all ends in a tempest of tears with a subsequent petting for her, and a ruined nerve-racking evening for him. That is love!

Another man of a different type comes home to make light of his day's trials. He tells his wife the funny side of the day's experiences, insists upon her dressing and going out with him after dinner, or telephones for neighbors to drop in for a game of cards. And this woman mourns because her husband never takes her seriously; because he refuses to turn his evening at home into a grave discussion of ways and means. And this, too, is love. But if either couple found a common point of interest and cultivated it, they would be happy every hour they spent together —and that would be friendship.

And the time to find out whether *you* like the same things that Dick enjoys is before, not after, you are married. The woman who "just hates" cards has no moral right to marry a man who finds his chief diversion in "double pinochle." A man who dislikes

music has no right to marry a girl who finds exquisite pleasure in it.

Marriage is not a panacea for undesirable habits and long-indulged pleasures. And love is seldom equal to working reforms. It is much better to marry, feeling that reform is not necessary, that what the man does, from the way he combs his hair to the amusement he prefers, is the very thing you'd like him to do. Moreover, real friendship is liberal. It does not believe that the party of the second part is unable to choose his companions, and is unfit to select his amusements.

Not long ago, an apparently happy couple had a rude awakening. They have had a common interest, their children. The two girls shared the interests of their mother. The father was his son's chum. Mother and father were bound together by these children, and did not know it. The children went away to spend a long vacation. The father was detained by business, the mother by the decision to have some changes made in the house during the absence of the young people. Before husband and wife had been alone a week they realized that their lives were rounded out by their in-

terest in their children, not their interest in each other. It came to them with a shock. They had not grown to love each other less, perhaps, but their children more.

"Mary," said the man, "what will we have in common when the children marry and leave us?"

Mary looked at John in a startled way, and replied: "Why, I don't know. They'll come home to visit, of course. And I will go to see them—and—"

"Don't you think we'd better learn to—well, be sufficient unto ourselves, dear?" demanded her husband earnestly.

"Why, John, that sounds just like being disloyal to the children, putting them out of our lives because they dare to marry."

"Not at all, dear girl," was his earnest reply. "But, God helping us, we'll live together, you and I, a great many years without them. Don't you think we'd better become accustomed to the thought of having just each other, and begin right now?"

They are starting afresh, that couple. When the alterations of the house were completed, the wife decided to remain in town with her husband. She wanted

to get acquainted with the man who had merely been the father of her children. This winter they are taking up a systematic course of reading together—and the children are not invited. One night in each week they go out together—and no child tags along. At forty-five they are rebuilding their matrimonial happiness on the firm foundation of friendship, perfect understanding, mutual interests.

When you hear of a couple living happily together —and there are thousands such, divorce statistics to the contrary—study their diversions, their mutual friends. You will not have to lift the curtain which hides their intimate domestic life. No, you will find that such a couple has common interests away from home as well as at home. You will find that they like the same things, the same people, the same amusements. You will find them sharing pleasure as well as burdens. They are more than lovers. They are friends. And neither is the slave of the other. They are equals, for friendship is founded on equality.

CHAPTER XX

PLEASURE-MADNESS VERSUS MOTHER-LOVE

YOU have heard, of course, about the center of population and the center of wealth. But have you ever heard about the center of mother-love—of love for little children?

A man who ought to know says that the center of population lies in Indiana, the center of wealth in New York and the center of the maternal instinct in Texas. But it may not stay there. It will shift and change precisely like centers of population in countries, and centers of wealth in communities. "The center of maternal instinct is governed," he says, "by the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of women's environment."

The man who advanced this remarkable theory is not a government statistician nor a sociological crank, but the very practical superintendent of a state or-

ganization which cares for dependent children. For many years he has devoted his life to placing foundlings, orphans and children rescued from degenerate parents in safe and loving foster homes. He has watched these children grow into useful contented men and women, and he has seen many a childless home gladdened by their presence, many a matrimonial breach closed by their gentle dimpled hands.

"When I first took up this work," said the man, "the women who came to our offices applying for children to adopt hailed from city homes. Then the demand shifted. The suburbanite and not the city woman became our applicant. Gradually she, too, gave way to the wife of a farmer or quite often to a spinster in a small town within a few hundred miles of the city. To-day the demand for children to adopt is practically confined to the Far West. I believe that every superintendent of an Eastern organization devoted to the care of dependent children will confirm this statement. In fact, the larger societies now run large excursions to the Far West, taking children by the hundred to their new homes.

"The State of Massachusetts is paying five hun-

dred thousand dollars a year to board its dependent children. This is not because the number of dependent children increases more rapidly than the childless families in Massachusetts can absorb them, but because families are childless through choice and not through misfortune, because the children are not wanted.

"In the larger Eastern cities, the childless women are divided into two classes—those who are absorbed in the pursuit of selfish pleasure and those who must work for their living. The rapid accumulation of wealth and the tendency to concentrated form of life such as flats, apartment hotels, etc., are alike fatal to the maternal instinct."

Just to prove his point, this social worker related a typical experience in his work.

A charming vivacious matron of perhaps thirty, living in a beautiful suburb, applied to the Bureau for a babe to adorn her home. The word "adorn" is used advisedly, because she frankly explained that it must be fair, with blue eyes, a dimple in cheek or chin, and its hands must be plump and pink-nailed. Oh, yes, that was her husband's ideal of babyhood, and she

did so want to please him. You could just hear that husband talking about the baby he wanted to see romping in his nursery, couldn't you?

The superintendent made the customary investigations. The future of any baby adopted by this couple promised to be bright. They had some wealth, a charming refined home, social and church standing.

Finally the precise brand of baby desired was found, plump and blue-eyed, whose mother's life had gone out to meet the father, crushed in an accident only a few weeks before the child's birth.

The prospective foster-mother was notified, came, saw and approved; but asked if the baby could remain at the hospital just one week longer. She was having a room done over for its nursery and the mechanics were so slow!

Two days before the week expired, the superintendent was called to the telephone. Foster-Mother Prospective was really quite distressed. Everything had gone wrong.

"I am so sorry, Mr. S——, but I really can't take the baby for another fortnight. Of course I'll pay for its care at the hospital, but—"

"Why can't you keep your agreement?" asked the superintendent suspiciously. "We are not accustomed to conducting negotiations in this fashion."

For a few seconds there was silence on the wire; then perhaps the woman decided that frankness was the safest policy.

"Well, you see, this is the pleasantest season of the year for motoring, and we had planned a couple of long trips. I don't see how we can take the baby until we have made these runs. If you will tell me what the hospital charges will be, I'll mail you a check to-day."

"My dear madam," replied the superintendent in icy tones, "we are not looking for checks, but for a home for this baby, and a mother. If God, instead of our society, had sent you a baby, you could not have put Him off until you had made one more motor trip. I don't think you have the first instinct of motherhood in your being, and I would not trust you with this baby. Good afternoon."

I told a middle-aged physician, general practitioner among many families in a large suburb, what the superintendent of the baby bureau had said. He

thought for a few moments and then added his opinion.

"The man is right. Wherever women are giving themselves body and soul to the extravagant spending of money earned by their husbands and fathers, or to the ambition to earn and accumulate large independent means, the maternal instinct is dead, homes are childless and divorces are prevalent.

"Vanity, the inordinate love of dress and motoring are directly responsible for race suicide in America to-day. In order to display her expensive wardrobe to best advantage a woman must retain what is known as the virginal figure, slender, slim, straight and girlish. If she bore children she might lose this litheness, and acquire flesh and curves which would be unfashionable and detrimental to her display of purple and fine linen.

"The influence of motoring is dual. Many couples can not afford to have a car and a baby, too. It costs as much to keep a car in repair as to rear a baby. Many women—and some men—prefer the car.

"Young couples who own cars and might still afford a baby or two have actually offered me this amaz-

ing excuse for their childless homes—the husband spends all his spare hours driving his car. If the wife spends her time in the nursery she will be separated from her husband during both his business and leisure hours. Follow the argument? It is the baby and not the car that would come between husband and wife; so they argue."

Then he took up the question of money-making and the maternal instinct.

"Last winter the breaking of a certain engagement first startled this town, then divided it into factions. The man and the girl offered no statements. The man masked his emotions, whatever they were. The girl showed the effect of sleepless nights and tears. Self-appointed champions of each waxed eloquent and sometimes indiscreet.

"The affair is now forgotten; so, as one of the few who knew the truth about it, I am going to divulge it.

"The girl, who had started as a stenographer, had risen to a position of trust and responsibility. She drew a large salary. She had hopes of eventually acquiring an interest in the business, which, by the way, was real estate. Before her engagement was six months'

old she told her fiancé that she intended to continue her business career after marriage. The young man thought long and hard over this proposition. Finally he asked her how she expected to preside over the home he was able to provide and be the mother of his children, if she carried out her plan. She assured him that her executive ability, together with competent servants, would surround him with every home comfort. As for children, she added calmly that her commercial qualifications were too brilliant to be wasted on rearing children. 'Any woman can bear children,' she insisted, 'but only one woman in ten thousand can manage a business as I can.'

"The young man went away and thought long and hard again. Then he returned and asked to be released from his promise to marry her. The girl suffered from the blow to her pride. She thought she loved him, but she loved self and success better. The man suffered more because he loved her well enough to lay all he had at her feet, and because she dealt a crushing blow to his ideals of womanhood."

Here are the opinions of two men who watch keenly the life that flows through their offices. They are in

the confidences of women. The domestic curtain, the most intimate veil, is rent between them and the women who cross their thresholds. They study the lives, not of the very rich nor of the very poor, but of that great middle class upon whose shoulders it is admitted the future of the nation rests. And they say that the maternal instinct is dying in cities, in centers of population and wealth, where vanity and ambition cause middle-class women to envy and ape those who have higher social standing and more wealth with which to maintain it.

The history of nations proves that the childless home, or what is popularly termed "race suicide," is not a modern evil. It is a recurrent one. With the better sort of civilization, with a higher order of intelligence, there are apt to be less children to the family, but these are of finer physique and better minds. Then as civilization degenerates into opulence, voluptuousness, luxury-madness and lust, women shirk the responsibility of motherhood; both the maternal and the paternal instinct die, and the life of the nation wanes. The narrower the geographical boundaries of the country, the swifter and surer its ruin. The

very size of the United States is its hope. So long as millions of its women live in the open, far beyond city walls and sordid ambitions, they will bear strong clean-minded children to carry the gospel of wholesome home life to the cities. In this renewal of its domestic life lies the hope of every city. The women of the open can yet save the modern cave-dwellers—these occupants of city flats. But we also believe the city mother of a single daughter has something to learn and to consider deeply in this story of a shifting center of maternal instinct.

CHAPTER XXI

WHY IS HOUSECLEANING?

MOTHER was smoothing on her gloves, preparing to accompany an old friend and neighbor on an errand of mercy. The mid-afternoon sunlight flooded the comfortable living-room. Sabbath peace enveloped the family circle. Father and the two nearly-grown children were waiting only for the departure of the two good Samaritans to return to their books and Sunday papers.

"I do love the golden-brown coloring in this room," remarked the neighbor. "It seems to tone into your craftsman furniture."

"Yes," replied Mother complacently as she adjusted the last button of her gloves, "I think the room *is* rather good—only that old-fashioned bay window strikes an inharmonious note. When I clean

house this spring, I think I'll have a long low window set in. Then I can use Dutch hangings!"

The mere family pricked up its ears!

"I'll have to rush my housecleaning this spring," sighed the caller, "because Ned insists that I come on for commencement week. I don't suppose I can count on any repapering, even."

There was real regret and sympathy in Mother's reply: "Yes, a boy's last year in college is *so* expensive."

The two kindly souls were off at last, laden with chicken broth and wine jelly. The golden sunlight still poured into the brown and gold living-room, but the Sabbath calm had suffered an eclipse.

Father sat staring at the old-fashioned bulging bay window, with its fish-net draperies and burlap window-seats. Grace fumbled with the paper-cutter and Bob scowled at his own reflection in the mahogany table top.

"Why is housecleaning?" he finally burst forth.

"Don't use so much slang," was Grace's crisp reply. "But I do wish Mother would let it go this spring. It always comes just before my exams and

I can't study with the whole house turned topsy-turvy."

"I don't see anything the matter with this room! And I bet it starts raining the day the carpenters knock out the bay window and never lets up till the job is done. We'll all have pneumonia, the cook will leave and Mother won't be really human for weeks—"

"My son," interrupted Father, "housecleaning is to your mother what baseball and hockey are to you. We mustn't begrudge her the pleasure."

Silence fell upon the group. The two children, once more buried in their books, did not even notice that Father had turned to the steamship advertisements in the Sunday paper and was studying the West Indian cruises for late spring!

"Why is housecleaning?"

To be sure, there are some broad-minded women who have reached that state of housewifely evolution, where they can hang a new pair of parlor curtains without tearing up every carpet in the house and going over the attic treasures. There are other women brave enough to throw a broken soup tureen into the ash-bin, instead of littering the pantry shelf with it, in

hopes that some day Father will have an inspiration and put the forty-nine pieces together with patent glue.

But there are still homes in which all household changes are postponed to housecleaning time, thereby increasing the confusion incident to the operation. And there are still women to whom a breakage in china is a tragedy to be mourned over for months, thereby deepening wrinkles and crows' feet.

It is in such homes as these that Father and the children demand openly or silently: "Why is housecleaning!"

Is housecleaning, the old-fashioned garden variety, which represents a general tearing up for a week or more, eating in the kitchen, and feeling cautiously for your bed at night, when the gas has been turned off for the installation of new chandeliers, a matter of housewifely conscience or of American restlessness?

Have the woman's club, the practical family magazine and the vacuum cleaner failed in their mission?

Now honestly, wouldn't you think that, by this time, club work had taught women the danger of magnifying petty troubles? Hasn't the practical mag-

azine spread its gospel of home-making versus housecleaning? Hasn't the really cheap price of vacuum cleaners emancipated downtrodden families from the burden of semi-annual housecleaning?

Very few of us men could qualify as expert housecleaners. Most of us would go down and out under the strain, along about the second day of the engagement. One perplexing question in our masculine minds has been, how so many women survive the terrible experience at all. But we've done so much in the way of rounding up vanishing mechanics, binding up wounded fingers, soothing injured feelings and quieting tired nerves, to say nothing of dodging articles of furniture, step-ladders and pails left in unseemly places, that we wonder why the clever feminine mind can not somehow solve the housekeeping problem, day by day, and eliminate the old-fashioned period of household unrest and disaster.

You see I am not offering a remedy. I am not even quoting the ideas of expert writers on domestic science. I am putting it right up to the housewives of America. "Why is housecleaning?"

I asked the question of a clever wife who, before

marriage, was a successful business woman, and she promptly replied: "It is not—at least in our home. Business taught me one lesson, the futility of petty things. I could not do my work precisely as fellow graduates from my class at the business school did, because the needs of my employer were peculiar. On the other hand, I learned not to let the small things accumulate to the point where they interfered with the doing of big things. I never let my desk supplies run low and I made it an object for the office boy to keep my pencils sharpened. I am trying to run my home on the same principles. I don't follow my neighbors' methods. I'd rather have a few pictures that are worth while and keep them clean, than a lot of cheap and tawdry so-called interior decorations, whose dusting would absorb my working hours. When you haven't had a home in years, it means something more to a woman than a mere collection of renaissance curtains, velour hangings and Sèvres ware. It means a refuge, a haven of peace. The simple, sanitary, unlittered home can be kept up without semi-annual housecleaning."

Think of it! Just dream of a household in which

the dining-room could be repapered without subjecting the bedroom floor above to a general upheaval.

I am not laying down rules how this miracle can be worked. This is not a chapter on housekeeping. It is a collection of purely masculine comments, from which I hope my women readers will reap big results.

How far have we progressed as a nation of home-makers? Are there still homes where the stove in the parlor is lighted only for guests of state? Are there others where you find company dishes that breed "company manners"? Are there still women who give their fiancé silver cigar holders and then, having transformed the fiancés into husbands, relegate smoking to the porch?

Alas, yes. At least I know of one "home-maker" who so planned a new house that there were a sewing-room, a linen chute and a dressing-room with a cheval mirror in the closet door, all for herself, but her husband's smoking-room was tucked into the upper floor of the garage!

And suppose a home has no garage attached? Suppose it is just a six-room flat, or a seven-room cottage? Are the lace curtains more important than home at-

tractions for husbands and sons? Some of us do not smoke. Our worst domestic sin is a mad desire to fling up shades, thus dispensing with dim artistic light, or a fondness for putting our feet on chairs. We wouldn't do either when critical guests are present, but in the name of time what is a home for, if we can't find comfort in the bosom of the family? Some of us have worked all the week by artificial light and would like a little of God's sunlight to stream into the room on Sunday. Others of us have our feet on the ground pretty steadily for six days, and we're glad to get them off on the seventh.

Women are always saying that they would like to see things from the masculine view-point. Well, here is one subject that reflects the masculine view-point, tempered by the suggestions of the women on the staff. I admit that the woman, who makes the home and serves the family within its four walls, has first right to plan its management in the way that simplifies life for her. But is housecleaning really a simplifying process?

CHAPTER XXII

WHAT OF THE JOY OF LIVING?

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

A LOVELY and lovable gray-haired woman chanted the stanza as she trained a refractory climbing rose in the way it should go, round a porch pillar.

A group of young women, resting from their exertions on the tennis court, sat on the porch steps and listened—but without enthusiasm.

"Do you know who wrote it?"

Two of the girls guessed Keats. The other four frankly admitted ignorance.

"One of our own poets, Lowell, who knew and loved nature," she answered. "I suppose you don't have much time for mere literature in the modern college—"

"Oh, yes, we do," explained a broad-shouldered, full-bosomed girl in a bright green silk sweater. "But when one must keep up with Shaw and Chesterton and Ibsen and Maeterlinck, one really doesn't have much time to study the old-fashioned poets. And Lowell was mid-Victorian, wasn't he?"

"Hopelessly so," confessed the little lady, with an odd twist of her mouth.

The bevy of girls rose and fluttered back to their game. The little gray-haired person, a Dresden figure in a clinging dress the tone of her eyes, sat down on the porch step, idly swinging her great garden scissors.

"Poor things, you are missing so much! What does a June day under its dome of clear blue, mean to you? Just a long motor run, with dinner or supper at the end—which is paid for by the young man's father. Or a day at the country club, with tea and tangoing. But you don't know the woods, because the motor goes too fast. You don't know the fields, because they are so quiet. You never lay a warm ear against earth, dear Mother Earth. You never hear her voice, you poor, busy things."

Upon which she leaned back against the pillar and closed her eyes. Before her swam a field, blue with Quaker ladies, dotted with daisies; then the cool dim woods, where she must thread her way between anemones, violets and bloodroot. A light cloud passed over the sun and on the chill came the scent of arbutus. There side by side they knelt, scattering mold and moss and branch that hid the waxen blooms. Now he is holding up one full-blown spray for her to take—and their hands meet around it.

"The pink of it is the color of your cheeks, Margie —you're the only girl in the world with cheeks like that—and——"

The scissors drop from her hand with a clatter. Up the drive a huge gray motor honks its rapid way. A crouching man, short stubby pipe in mouth, guides the car with a sure hand, though his glance follows the strong young figure in the green silk sweater on the tennis court.

"Oh, I suppose it's the new way—and he'll propose to her some day in that noisy, smelly car," thought she of the gray hair as she rose to greet the caller. "But it seems to me they are missing so much."

The very young son of a very young mother stood on the porch of his home and whooped:

"There's Gramsey—there's Gramsey!"

A slender, stooped figure mounted the steps. The young mother smiled with relief.

"How good of you, Mother dear, to keep an eye on Jack. I'm having a dinner to-night—some very important people—so useful to Alfred, and I need Nurse to help in the kitchen."

"Gramsey" and the laddie went off to the woods. And that night his nurse heard this astonishing insert in his regulation prayer:

"And thank you, dear Lord, for my Gramsey. She is the wonderfullest woman—so wise—she knows everything about the woods and the birds."

Who was putting the most in Laddie's life—the mother straining for social position or "Gramsey" of the woods and the perfect June days?

Two well-dressed men stood before a candy shop, screening the cigars they were lighting from a gust of wind. Their glance suddenly fell upon the window with its Easter trinkets, hand-painted satin boxes,

egg-shaped and filled with costly bonbons, gilded baskets of marrons, Dresden and cloisonné, filled with sweets.

"Not much like the eggs your grandmother and mine colored," said the man in the derby hat. "Remember how Grandfather used to hide them under the stunted pines in the front yard?"

"Ever hide eggs for your kids Easter morning?" asked the man in the fedora.

"Can't even remember when they've all been home on Easter. House parties—Atlantic City—what not."

"Same at our house."

These two men had treasured eggs on adjoining farms. It had been a great year when a city uncle had sent one of them six candy eggs, pink, white and chocolate.

The writer spent a recent week-end in a small suburb. Saturday afternoon the house radiated the spirit of restlessness.

"Good-by," called the eldest son. "Don't worry if I'm home late. Going to run over to R—— in Stocky's new car."

"Mother, where are my new slippers? There's to be dancing at the country club this afternoon, and I——"

"Oh, Mother, do hurry! Dad's taking us to the movies and there's a new five-reel picture."

In the woods on the edge of town, the dogwood was abloom, wild flowers and birds called, but we all went to the movies. There's always something different, at the movies.

In the middle of the night, after a strenuous Sunday, I heard the voice of the house mother.

"That you, Jim?"

"Molly, Beatrice was here and she said for you—"

"Hal, if you're the last in, lock both doors."

The family returning to the place where they eat and sleep—when nothing better offers!

How many families like that do you know? How many parents have the companionship of their children on holidays or Sundays? How many parents really know their children and how many children know the greatest of all parents—nature?

To-day we send our children with a nature study class to learn botany, with a tutor to learn woodcraft,

to the movies to study the habits of wild animals. We buy a racing car for the son if we can, and watch with pride as our daughters sally forth with orchids or hot-house violets pinned on their smart jackets. But the close family ties, bound more tightly as we roamed through the woods with our parents in the old days, are not for our children. The rare days of spring and early summer are meaningless to the children of to-day.

We are so driven with a number of things, all calculated to profit the purse or promote position that some of us rarely look up to the sky.

We say we have no time to read that which will not count in to-morrow's work, to-morrow's ambition. And when to-morrow's task is done and to-morrow's ambition slaked, we are restless again.

The perfect days are at hand. Let your worries go. Close the problem novel and the psychological thesis. Leave the high-power motor in the garage. Turn a cold shoulder on the matinée. Follow heaven itself to nature's nearest nook, and take the children with you.

THE END